

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, MAY, 1842.

COLUMBIA BRIDGE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THIS structure, if we recollect, is about sixty miles from Philadelphia. The Susquehannah, at this point, spreads into a great breadth, and the bridge is one mile and a half long. It seems a toilsome walk to the traveler who, thinking "it is only a bridge," gets down "to walk over." Our fair reader, who has occasion to cross it, will do well to ride two-thirds of the way, and then alight. Half a mile will be a pleasant walk; and on reaching the end of it, she will not be so fatigued as to be unable to look around her at the scenery, which, although it betrays no very striking features, may afford her a few minutes gratification, especially if she gives to her meditations a serious and devout turn, recollecting the gracious acts of Providence, by which she has reached this point of her journey. She may have started ten days previous from the Queen of the West, to visit her friends in Baltimore. Let her call to mind the goodness of God in preserving her life amidst the dangers of the way—on the Ohio, and in the crossings of the mountains; and then let her consider how little gratitude she has felt towards her merciful Protector. Let her lift her eyes now and then, and glance at the objects around her, and endeavor to trace in the flowing waters and in the distant forests some tokens of the power and the reign of the Almighty. Let her reflect on the swift passage she is making to the worlds beyond the grave—and consider well to which she is tending. There are two regions, (let her say to herself,) in one of which all the children of men, after death, shall find an everlasting abode. These realms widely differ in the character of their inhabitants, and in regard to their attractions and joys. And they are separated by an unbridged gulf, which even spirits cannot pass, and which cuts off all blissful communication between their occupants for ever and ever.

With such thoughts she may turn to profit her short walk over the Columbia bridge, and remount the carriage or enter the boat wiser if not happier than when she alighted. And this is needful. For how soon will the foot which now presses the soil on the banks of the Ohio or Susquehannah be motionless in the grave! And how very soon will those products of mechanical skill and toil, like the bridge pictured before us, be swept away by the stream of time, and be lost to the recollections of the living. Some things connected with them will never be forgotten *by the dead*. The blasphemies of the profane, and the prayers of the pious who wrought at these structures in the progress of their erection, will never be forgotten. The mischievous plottings and devisings of the earthly-minded passenger, and the hungerings and thirstings of the devout after righteousness, as they traversed these extended arch-

es, will never be forgotten. These will go before, or will follow after them to the invisible state, and will lighten or oppress them there. These will appear fresh as a *present conception* to comfort or condemn them in the judgment hour. May the reader, by grace improved, learn, in all times and states, to place God before her, and keep in view the hour of her meeting with the Judge of quick and dead! Thus can she address to her Lord and Savior the following lines of the pious Dr. Watts:

"Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow;
Bless'd Savior, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow.

Our spirits shake their eager wings,
And burn to meet thy flying throne;
We rise away from mortal things
T' attend thy shining chariot down.

Now let our cheerful eyes survey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And smile to see the lightnings play,
And flash along before thy wheels.

Jesus, the God of might and love,
New molds our limbs of cumbrous clay;
Quick as seraphic flames we move,
Active and young, and fair as they.

Our airy feet, with unknown flight,
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heav'nly light,
And leave the welt'ring world in fire."

Original.

TO THE ABSENT.

BY J. T. BRAME.

OFF as upon the azure height,
All studded with the gems of light,
I cast mine eyes, I think that thou
Art pure as any twinkling star;
And that thy mild and lovely brow
Is fairer than Diana's car.

And when I see the dreary pines,
Which shed around their sombre shade,
I think how soon the wreaths love twines,
In cold misfortune's tempests fade;
How soon the lov'd ones, who around
Our heart's affections close are bound,
Must bid our breasts with anguish swell,
And speak the dreaded word, "Farewell!"

But, O, for thee may life's rude seas
Be tost by no tempestuous breeze!
Safe o'er its billows may'st thou glide,
And anchor near thy Savior's side;
And calmly, 'neath a radiant west,
Sink like a starlet to thy rest!

Original.
THE LOST TRIBES.

BY CYRUS BROOKS.

A DEEP and general interest has long been felt in regard to the lost ten tribes of Israel. Dr. Grant's theory on this subject has greatly increased that interest. These tribes were carried into captivity, by the Assyrian kings, in the latter part of the eighth century before the Christian era; after which time they are seldom, if ever, mentioned in the Scriptures, and only incidentally alluded to in other ancient records. In modern times they have been sought in almost every corner of the earth; and various theories have occupied the public mind in regard to their present state, and the place of their retreat. One of the most fanciful, and, also, one of the most popular of these theories, is that which finds them in the aboriginal inhabitants of our own country; while one of the most reasonable, as the question has heretofore stood, is that adopted by Prideaux and others, that such of them as did not either return to Palestine with the Babylonish captives, or join themselves to the "dispersed of Judah" in other lands, have long since mingled with the nations around them, and ceased to exist as a separate people.

Dr. Grant has added another opinion to those already advanced; and has brought to its support such an amount of evidence, as to entitle it, to say the least, to a candid and enlightened examination. He supposes that the ten tribes still continue a separate people in the land of their captivity; and that they are still found in the Nestorian Christians of Persia and Koordistan.

The Nestorians were formerly a very numerous and influential people, and were extensively spread over the east. While the darkness of the Middle Ages rested upon the whole western world, they were successfully engaged in proclaiming the Gospel in middle and eastern Asia, and had even penetrated as far as China, and there erected the standard of the cross. But the religion of the False Prophet, enforced by the sword of those barbarous conquerors, Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, swept over those countries, and the light of Christianity was extinguished.

Most of the Nestorians of Persia and Mesopotamia have become Papists, and have received the appellation of Chaldeans from the Roman pontiff. In the Persian district of Ooroomiah, however, as also in some of the Koordish districts of the Turkish empire, Nestorians are still found in considerable numbers; and a few Jews also dwell in the same countries, and speak the same language. But the principal home of the Nestorians is a central district of the mountains of Koordistan, of which they have exclusive possession.

Their villages and dwellings are in the vallies, where they all have their residence in winter; but in summer large numbers of them remove with their flocks to the *Zozan*, or pasture-lands, upon the summit of the mountains or in the higher vallies. Here they dwell in tents, until the approach of winter admonishes them again to retire to their homes in the vales. Protected by their

wild mountain fastnesses, they have successfully resisted the enemies of their faith, whether Papal, Mohammedan, or Pagan; and while the surrounding countries have been swept by successive storms of revolution, have maintained their religion, their laws, and their independence. These mountain tribes are known as the independent Nestorians, and are respected and feared by their neighbors, from whom they receive the proud appellation of *Ashiret*, "the tributeless."

The evidence adduced by Dr. Grant in support of the opinion that the Nestorians are the descendants of the captive Israelites, is spread over almost one hundred and seventy pages of his work. It will not, of course, be expected that all this testimony should be examined, or even hastily glanced at in the brief space allotted to the present article. The most we can do is merely to notice some of what we consider the more important points in the evidence. And in doing this, we shall not pretend to follow the arrangement of our author.

When we go in search of the lost tribes of Israel, the first inquiry that presents itself is, *where were they lost?** To what country were they carried by their captors? "Search for a thing where it is lost," says our author, "is a maxim which every child understands and practices."

The capture of the seven and a half tribes west of the Jordan, is related in 2 Kings xvii, 6; and xviii, 9-11, where it is stated that they were carried away by Shalmaneser, the king of Assyria, and placed "in Halah, and in Habor by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes." The two and a half tribes east of the Jordan, were taken some fifteen or twenty years earlier, and were brought "unto Halah, and Habor, and Hara, and to the river Gozan, unto this day," 1 Chron. v, 26.

These two accounts so nearly agree, as to render it evident that all the captives were settled in the same region of country. They differ, however, in one or two points; and as the former is the more ancient, so it is probably the more accurate. In Kings, *Gozan* appears to be the name of a country; in Chronicles, the name of a river. In the former, the particle *by*, after *Habor*, is printed in italics, to show that it is not in the original; thus making "*Habor the river of Gozan*." Dr. Robinson translates, "on Habor," &c. But in Chronicles *Habor* appears to be the name of a place. In the latter place *Hara* is added, which, as it means "*mountainous*," is supposed to have been insert-

* Dr. Robinson says they were not lost at all. The following extract contains the substance of his theory in regard to them:

"After the various deportations out of the two kingdoms, the great body of the common people still remained in Palestine, where they became reunited as one nation in their public religious rites and worship at Jerusalem. The descendants of those carried away became in like manner amalgamated in the land of their exile. The permission to return was given alike to all; and so far as the testimony goes, no distinction of tribes was found among those who availed themselves of the opportunity. This distinction was almost wholly laid aside; the name of Jews became as comprehensive as was formerly that of Hebrews; and the ten tribes, as such, were forgotten," Am. Bib. Rep., 12mo., Jan., 1842, p. 62.

ed by a later hand, as a gloss, descriptive of the country in which the captives were settled, and to have found its way into the text through the carelessness or ignorance of a transcriber.

In searching for the particular places specified in the above quotations, it is of great importance to determine with accuracy the general region of country to which the captive tribes were deported; for, in ancient as well as modern geography, the same name is frequently given to places in different and distant regions. This, however, is a point not easily ascertained. We know that the Israelites were carried away by the kings of Assyria; but it is very difficult, if not impossible, to fix with any degree of certainty the precise limits of the Assyrian empire at the time of the captivity. Formerly it had included Media on the east, and Mesopotamia and Syria on the west; but was afterwards reduced within the limits of Assyria proper, corresponding very nearly with the boundaries of modern Koordistan.

Dr. Grant thinks that this reduction took place before the captivity. But, leaving historical proof out of the question, it seems incredible that Assyrian kings should be permitted to conduct military expeditions across those extensive and difficult countries lying between the Tigris and Palestine, and return again, laden with spoil and encumbered with captives, unless the Assyrian power was still predominant in those countries.

From the mere fact, then, that the Israelites were carried away by the Assyrians, it does not necessarily follow that they were carried east of the Tigris. This is rendered probable, however, by several considerations. The country properly called Assyria, or by the Greeks, Aturia, or Atyria, was east of the Tigris; and to this country the name was generally, and at a subsequent period, exclusively applied. There is no intimation that the captives were carried to places remote from each other, and as a part of them were placed in "the cities of the Medes," it is reasonable to suppose that the remainder were settled in the adjacent country of Assyria. And Josephus speaks of the ten tribes as residing, in his time, in Adiabene, which was a principal province of Assyria, to which it sometimes gave its name.

HALAH, it is generally agreed, was a district of country in Assyria proper, and probably not very far from ancient Nineveh.

HABOR, as has been seen, is probably the name of a river. Habor, or Khaboor, is the present name of a river which rises in the mountains of Koordistan. There is also another river of the same name, the *Chaboras* of the Greeks, in Mesopotamia, that has some claim to be considered the Habor of Scripture.*

GOZAN, Dr. Grant thinks, is still found in the *Zozan*, or pasture-lands of the mountains of Koordistan. Others find it in the ancient *Gauzanitis*, of Mesopotamia; in *Gausania*, a city of Media; in *Kuzul Ozan*, or *Kizil*

Ozen, a river of Media; &c. But conjecture must supply, to a great extent, the place of evidence.

In regard to the "*cities of the Medes*," but little is known, except that they were in Media. The situation of this country is well known, but in what part of it these cities were located we are wholly uninformed. Conjecture, however, would place them near the borders of Assyria; in which country, as has been seen, the main body of the captives were settled.

But after all, it must be acknowledged that the precise location of the ten tribes in their captivity, cannot be determined with any degree of certainty. Yet as the places above mentioned, if in Assyria at all, are most probably to be found northward from Nineveh, we are disposed to fix upon the northern portion of Assyria, with some of the neighboring districts of Media, as the region of country in which the great body of the ten tribes were most probably settled. This, then, is the country in which we should now look for them, unless we can learn of their removal; and Dr. Grant says, "We have no evidence of their having been removed."

That they did not return to Palestine with the other two tribes, is evident, Dr. Robinson to the contrary notwithstanding, from the account given by the inspired penmen of the restoration of those tribes from the Babylonish captivity. Both Ezra and Nehemiah agree in giving the whole number of those who returned in pursuance of the edict of Cyrus, to be less than fifty thousand. And these, it is expressly stated, were "of those whom Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, had carried away unto Babylon, and came again to Jerusalem and Judah, every one to his own city," Ezra ii, 1; Neh. vii, 6. About seventy-nine years afterwards, a small number, amounting in all to less than two thousand males, accompanied Ezra to Jerusalem: of these, a few only were of the ten tribes, Ezra vii; viii. The testimony of Josephus is to the same effect. After stating that numbers of the Israelites from Media repaired to Babylon upon the permission given by Cyrus, for the purpose of accompanying their brethren of the other two tribes to Jerusalem, he says expressly, that "*the entire body of the people of Israel remained in that country.*"

Long before this time the kingdom of Media had swallowed up and given its name to most of the neighboring countries, of which Assyria was one; and being united with Persia, the Medo-Persian empire was formed, within the limits of which, most, if not all, the captive Israelites resided. The decree of Cyrus, it is true, extended similar privileges to all the captives throughout his dominion; but, as shown above, only a few except the two tribes of Judah and Benjamin, availed themselves of the permission to return to the land of their fathers.

But the testimony of Josephus goes still further. Speaking of his own time, late in the first century, he says, "There are but two tribes in Asia and Europe subject to the Romans; while *the ten tribes are beyond the Euphrates till now*" And still more definite infor-

*Ezekiel "was among the captives by the river *Chebar*," Ezek. i, 1, 3. If this were the *Habor* of 2 Kings xvii, 6, &c., it could not be in Assyria, as it was "in the land of the Chaldeans."

mation in regard to the location of these tribes at this time, is furnished in the celebrated speech of Agrippa, dissuading the Jews from a war with the Romans. His language, according to Whiston's translation, is as follows: "Unless any of you extend his hopes as far as beyond the Euphrates, and suppose that those of your own nation that dwell in *Adiabene* will come to your assistance." Now according to Dr. Robinson,* the intercourse between Palestine and Adiabene was such at this time, that both Josephus and Agrippa must have been well acquainted with the condition of the Israelites in the latter country; and must have known whether they were, or were not of the ten tribes. Thus we find the captives in the land of their bondage in the latter part of the first century of the Christian era.

And we hear of them again in the same land at a still later period. St. Jerome, who wrote in the beginning of the fifth century, speaks of them as follows: "Unto this day the ten tribes are subject to the kings of the Persians, nor has their captivity ever been loosed." Again he says, "The ten tribes inhabit at this day the cities and mountains of the Medes."

Thus, from the time of the captivity to the beginning of the fifth century, a period of between eleven and twelve hundred years, the continuance of the ten tribes in the countries to which they were at first deported, appears to have been a matter of public notoriety. And the evidence is so satisfactory, that Dr. Buchanan declares, "There is no room left for doubt on this subject." From that time to the present we hear nothing of their removal. "The native histories," says Dr. Grant, "Persian, Turkish, and Arabic, which are numerous, say nothing of the removal of the captive Israelites; and tradition is equally silent." Indeed the conclusion seems to us almost inevitable, that, unless they have mingled with the nations among whom they were planted, they still continue a separate people "in Halah, and in Habor by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes."

And if these places were situated in the region of country where Dr. Grant supposes, and where there is certainly reason to believe they were situated, then, in the very region to which the captive Israelites were deported, where they continued as late as the beginning of the fifth century, and where they should still be sought, we find a people claiming to be of Israelitish descent, and exhibiting many traces of a Hebrew ancestry. These people are the Nestorians. A presumption has already been raised in favor of their claim, and we look with anxiety for evidence in support of the presumption.

The first proof adduced by our author is a tradition, which he says "is general, and commonly believed among the Nestorians throughout Assyria and Media," that they are of Israelitish descent; and "that their forefathers, at some early day, came to the regions now occupied by them from the *land of Palestine*." The truth of this tradition is acknowledged by the Jews that

dwell among them, and is confirmed by some of the learned among their Mohammedan neighbors. "The Jews," says Dr. Grant, "admit that the Nestorians are as truly the descendants of the Israelites as themselves." Two learned Jews who visited him, stated in reply to his inquiries, "that they knew that the Nestorians were the children of Israel; but as the Nestorians had departed from the faith of their fathers, their people were ashamed to own them as brethren." In the same conversation they stated, "that they had records containing an account of the time and circumstances of their conversion to Christianity." This latter statement bears strongly upon a question that will be hereafter considered; namely, the conversion of the ten tribes to the Christian faith.

The tradition of an Israelitish descent, however, is not peculiar to the Nestorians. A few other tribes of interior Asia also claim descent from the Hebrews. But it does not necessarily follow, as asserted by Dr. Robinson, that "there is no good reason for singling out the Nestorians, and yielding credence to their tradition, and not to the rest."* If the same corroborating testimony can be adduced in the case of others as in that of the Nestorians, and if their traditions bear the same internal marks of truth, then, no doubt, the same credit should be given to those traditions. But, until this is made to appear, such an assumption as that above quoted is perfectly gratuitous.

And the principle involved in this remark we wish kept in mind, as it bears upon much of the evidence adduced by Dr. Grant in support of his theory. That evidence being cumulative, the strength of the argument does not depend upon the conclusiveness of isolated facts. Similar facts may be found among other tribes or nations; but until *all* the facts presented in the case of the Nestorians, shall be found clustering around one people, it cannot be conceded that the evidence is, in both cases, equally conclusive. It must be acknowledged, however, that there are two important defects in the tradition of the Nestorians. The first is, a want of documentary evidence in its support. As the patriarch's ancient manuscripts were destroyed by water some sixty years since, it is at least possible that these may have contained some such evidence. But from the manner in which the Nestorians reason upon the subject, it is manifest that they have no idea that any has ever existed. And the only proof furnished by Dr. Grant that any ever did exist, is contained in the following note: "Priest Dunka, who has long been employed as an assistant in this mission, and sustains a character for veracity, and, we hope, for consistent piety, assures me that he saw near Mosul a history in which it was expressly stated, that they, the Nestorians, were Beni Israel, (the children of Israel.)" The other defect is, an entire want of information in regard to the time and circumstances of the settlement of their ancestors in this country. Now it seems almost incredible, that an event of so much importance in the

* Am. Bib. Rep., Jan., 1842, pp. 45-50.

* Am. Bib. Rep., Jan., 1842, p. 37.

history of a people, as the capture, deportation, and settlement in a strange land of the ten Israelitish tribes, should be forgotten by their posterity to the latest generation.

But Dr. Grant does not rest his cause solely, nor even mainly, upon tradition. This is but one link in the chain of testimony by which he reaches his conclusion. The languages spoken by the Nestorians, and Jews that dwell among them, furnish additional evidence that they are descended from a common stock. These languages are said to be essentially the same, and to differ no more than is very common in different dialects of the same tongue; and this, notwithstanding the mutual hatred between the Nestorians and Jews is such as almost entirely to prevent intercourse. These Jews, it should be remarked, are spoken of by Dr. Grant, as unquestionably descended from the ten tribes; though upon what authority he does not inform us.

He also argues the Hebrew descent of the Nestorians from the Hebrew appellations by which, as a people, they are called, and from the common use of Hebrew names among them; also from their physiognomy, manners and customs, mode of living, &c.; in all of which, he says, they are strikingly Jewish. But to obtain any thing like a fair view of these arguments, the reader must consult Dr. Grant's work itself.

Evidence still more striking, if not more conclusive, is found in the remarkable fact, that, to this day, the Nestorians observe such Jewish rites as are not wholly superseded by the institutions of Christianity. They sacrifice thank-offerings—present the first fruits to the Lord—make and perform vows—abstain from food forbidden in the law of Moses—refrain from the same causes of impurity—treat the Sabbath and the sanctuary with a similarly sacred regard; together with other Jewish institutions and observances. These rites, especially the offering of sacrifices, Dr. Grant very properly maintains, must be either of Jewish or of heathen origin. That they are not derived from any system of Pagan worship, he thinks is satisfactorily proved by attendant circumstances, and the deep abhorrence with which the Nestorians regard every kind and form of idolatry. Therefore, he argues, they must be of Hebrew origin, and furnish proof that the Nestorians are of Hebrew descent.*

There are two important institutions of the Jewish Church, however, which, though practiced by the early converts from Judaism, are entirely wanting among the Nestorians. These are circumcision and the payment of tithes. The absence of the former is pretty satisfactorily accounted for by the reason which the Nestorians themselves assign: namely, that this rite is superseded by Christian baptism; and the payment of tithes is said to have been discontinued in consequence of poverty and oppression.

Now it may be that some of the rites and customs

alluded to by Dr. Grant, are primitive; being derived from the system of worship practiced before the dispersion of mankind; that others of them are eastern; and, consequently, practiced by all the nations of the east; and that others still, may have grown out of the peculiar situation of the Nestorians: but, after all, it seems difficult thus to account for all of them, and still more difficult to account for the remarkable fact, that they all meet in this singular people. Where is there another people under heaven of whom the same may be said? Let Dr. Robinson tell us where.

We come now to consider, as briefly as possible, some of the evidence adduced by Dr. Grant, in proof that the great body of the ten tribes were converted to the Christian faith, at a very early period after the ascent of our Lord. If this point could be established, and if it could be shown that the places now inhabited by the Nestorians are the same occupied by the ten tribes at the time of their conversion; then, the conclusion would be inevitable, that the Nestorians are the descendants of those tribes. For it is satisfactorily proved that the Nestorians were among the earliest converts to Christianity, and that they have remained a separate people, in the same places where they then resided, from that day to this; and they are the only Christians that now live, or have lived in those places.

And if Dr. Grant has done nothing more, in this part of his work, than to raise a mere probability of the conversion of the Israelites, still something is gained to the general theory, while nothing is lost if he fails altogether. For the want of evidence upon this point cannot invalidate, unless the contrary can be shown, the evidence already adduced in proof of the Hebrew descent of the Nestorians. Thus we enter upon this part of his inquiry, feeling that he has much to gain, but nothing to lose. And if he has not succeeded in procuring satisfactory proof of the conversion of the ten tribes, he has, at least, shown that the Gospel was preached, and with general success, in the very countries in which those tribes were most probably settled.

He quotes several of the most respectable authors of antiquity, from whose united testimony it appears that at least five of the apostles, together with a number of the primitive disciples, preached the Gospel extensively in the east; and were instrumental in the conversion of large numbers of the inhabitants of Adiabene, the Elamites, Persians, Medes, &c. One author states, that "the divine apostle Thomas first preached the Christian faith in the east, in the second year from the ascent of our Lord. He preached to different people, viz., Parthians, Medes, Persians, &c." According to Dr. Grant, the Nestorians still regard the apostles, Thomas, Thaddeus, and others, with great interest and affection, as the chief instruments of their conversion to Christianity.

That the subjects of these early labors were principally Israelites, is argued by our author, from the consideration that, until the conversion of Cornelius, the apostles confined their labors mostly, if not exclusively, to those of their own nation; not only in the land of

* Dr. Robinson has entirely misrepresented this argument. See Am. Bib. Rep., Oct., 1841, p. 472.

Israel, but in all places of their dispersion. That this was the case, appears to be supported by the testimony of Eusebius. Speaking of the early labors of the apostles, he says, they "were not yet in a situation to venture to impart the faith to the nations, and, therefore, only announced it to the Jews." He also "states on the authority of Origen, that Parthia (which included Adiabene, &c.) was assigned to Thomas," and gives the most glowing account of the success of the work in that country. But, if this view be correct, the Israelites must have been more extensively scattered than Dr. Grant's theory supposes; as, according to his own showing, the labors of the apostles were not confined to the countries to which he supposes the captives were carried. Indeed, similar difficulties seem to lie against several parts of his theory. And they seem to have been felt by him; and, together with other considerations, to have given rise to the conjecture, that, perhaps, the Yezidees, the neighboring Syrian Christians, and the Syrian Christians of Travancore, described by Dr. Buchanan, are also of Israelitish descent.

Another consideration urged by Dr. Grant is, that upon the ever memorable day of Pentecost, there were present at Jerusalem, and subjects of that astonishing work, pious Jews from the very countries in question. This proves that there were Jews residing in those countries, and renders it probable that efforts were early made for their conversion. For those who had embraced the Christian faith themselves, would, of course, feel a deep concern for the salvation of their countrymen; and would urge the apostles to undertake, and render them every possible assistance in effecting their conversion. But the facts in this case have the same bearing on the general question as those just now considered. For while there were present "*Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites;*" there were also present "*dwellers in Mesopotamia,*" and in almost all the countries of western Asia, and in several countries of Europe and Africa. And as they are all denominated *Jews*, without distinction of tribes, the conclusion seems natural, that, in foreign lands at least, this distinction was in a great measure laid aside.

But the testimony of the Jews that dwell among the Nestorians is not encumbered with the same difficulties. They, according to Dr. Grant, "assert very positively that the Nestorians were converted from Judaism to Christianity, immediately after the death of Christ." And, as has been seen, these Jews claim to have records containing an account of the time and circumstances of their conversion.

The arguments drawn from St. Paul's allusion to the "twelve tribes," in his defense before Agrippa;* and the address of St. James "to the twelve tribes scattered abroad,"† though ingenious, appear to us unsatisfactory; and as they could not be abridged without manifest injustice to the author, we must refer the reader to the work itself.

Taking all things into consideration, there is cer-

tainly some reason to believe that these captive exiles were among the first to listen to the voice of the great Deliverer, who was "sent to bind up the broken-hearted; to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." But still, in the absence of any direct proof that can be relied upon, the mind returns from the examination with a feeling of disappointment, and settles down in a state of painful uncertainty.

Thus have we taken a cursory view of some of the more important points in the testimony adduced by Dr. Grant in support of his theory. But we fear that justice has not been done either to him or to our readers. We have endeavored, however, to treat the subject with fairness; and have done the best we could without going beyond our intended limits. The theory which we have examined, though plausible, is wanting in that demonstration which would produce an unhesitating conviction of its truth; and we shall await with anxiety the result of future inquiries, which must either sustain or overthrow so fair a structure.

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Original.
ON FRIENDSHIP.

—
BY J. S. TOMLINSON.

In friendship's consecrated word,
What charms are not expressed!
Those by its tie together knit,
Are enviably blessed.

'Tis not a lure that lulls to sleep,
A slave to wealth or fame;
A boon, which, at misfortune's touch,
Evaporates in name.

Of kindred natures 'tis the bond,
(With gravity)—the noose,
Which neither time, nor pain, nor chance,
Nor death itself can loose.

Minds grafted in this common stock,
More vigorously grow,
As focal than expanding rays,
Do more intensely glow.

Life's sorrows it doth cut in twain,
And double all our joys;
The fruit it yields to gen'rous hearts,
Is that which never cloy.

If friendship for a fellow worm
Such ecstasy can bring,
The bliss that crowns the "friend of God,"
What mortal tongue can sing!

Through storm and sunshine, weal and woe,
This priceless, changeless love—
O! may it guide our footsteps here,
And tune our harps above!

* Acts xxvi, 7. † James i, 1, &c.

Original.

THE BLIND MUSICIAN.

AN INTERESTING FACT.

AMIDST all the changes of this changeful life, how varied are the means by which God draws us to himself. He who has formed the human heart knows which chord to strike; where lies the sweetest melody; and often what in the unmeaning language of the world is called our greatest calamity, eventuates in the salvation of our souls. These reflections have arisen in my mind with the recollection of a little incident that occurred to me some few years since in traveling.

In passing through a street of a New England town, I suddenly came in contact, in turning a corner, with an elderly gentleman and a young female; and as there arose at the moment a brief delay, arising from street etiquette, of who should take the precedence, I was led to a closer examination of their faces than we generally bestow upon street passengers. The old gentleman was gray-headed, and I soon discovered, was blind. His eyes were only partially shaded, and were the most remarkable looking eyes I have ever seen. They were large, prominent, and seemed to glow and revolve in their sockets; owing, I presume, to the peculiar manner by which he had been deprived of his sight. I was led to inquire into the history of the two, as much from the sweet, appealing look with which the lady asked for the larger half of the side-walk, as that the gentleman had awakened my sympathy by the loss of his eyes; and as she had, by the kind and tender expression of hers, while guiding and watching over him with the untiring vigilance which springs alone from the depths of woman's heart. I was gratified to learn that the lady was his daughter, and not his wife; for in the latter case the broad disparity of years would have caused a slight discord in my feelings, by raising a doubt as to the *entire disinterestedness* of her choice. I was informed that the old gentleman had in his youth been a seaman, and had spent some fifteen years of his life in the capacity of a common sailor; and that, too, at a period when sailor was but another name for a drinking, superstitious, and ignorant fellow, with but here and there an honorable exception—and Mr. S. had been truly a sailor of the old school. Who, at that date, would have supposed him destined or capable of any thing better? But all things are possible with God. He wrought the change:

"He moved in a mysterious way,
The wonder to perform;
Planted his footsteps on the sea,
And rode upon the storm."

His whole life had been a life of outward being; his whole stock of information had been derived, and was limited to what he had ever *seen* and *heard*; not one introspective glance had ever shot athwart the gloom within. Yet there lay hidden in his soul, like virgin gold of the unsunned mine, a rich treasure of heavenly harmony, which was soon to be revealed and dedicated to his Maker.

The heathen boasted of a god whose transmuting

touch could turn all things into gold. The Christian's God owns the more effective principle, of giving life to the dead, and of "creating a soul under the ribs of death." While Mr. S. was on a long sea voyage, being yet a young man, they were encountered by very frequent and severe storms of thunder and lightning; so terrible, indeed, that the crew became fearful and heart-stricken: and, alas! they knew not the language of supplication, and there was none on board to teach them, so that their fears were unrelieved by the slightest ray of consolation. It was in one of these storms that Mr. S. was on duty at the helm, when, as a terrific flash of lightning struck the mast-head, it at the same instant deprived him of his sight for ever. He who, but a moment before, was guiding a mighty ship over the trackless ocean, was ever after himself led along his narrow pathway, and dependent for every footstep on the guidance of another. But this was a merciful providence, waking up his soul to the realities of a better state of being, and of a future life. He now began to look *inward*, and, alas! *there* he found nothing but "thick darkness." Unused to reflection, and unfitted to enjoy it, he floated for many months in the two-fold darkness of body and spirit, over the wide ocean. But He who orders all things well, brought him at last safely to port; and he then sought consolation where it is only to be found.

There was in those days no Bethel for the piously disposed seaman to resort to; but he desired to be conducted to some church, where he might hear the preaching of the Gospel: for he was afflicted and miserable, and sought to be fed with the crumbs that fell from his Master's table. The church to which he had been led had a remarkably fine organ, and a highly gifted German organist. The chanting as he entered seemed to electrify him, to open his soul, and to communicate itself to the hidden harmony within, and draw him heavenward. He became a constant attendant, and a devout suppliant at that sanctuary. Its doctrines were pure and evangelical, and he felt soothed and comforted. He was on the highway to holiness, and no longer grieved for the loss of sight, but thanked God from the depths of his heart that his *hearing* was yet left, that he might enjoy the preaching of the Gospel. And He who granted the prayer of blind Bartimeus, vouchsafed to hear him also, and opened the eyes of his heart and his understanding to receive the truth as it is in Jesus: so like him he went rejoicing on his way, crying, "What a Savior I have found." When he became a Christian, it seemed, as it ever does, to elevate and refine the whole character; his soul was filled with a celestial harmony, and he became eminently musical, and for many years afterwards officiated as organist in the same church where he had caught his first musical inspiration, and learned the first rudiments of spiritual harmony. He now married an excellent young woman, whose heart he had secured by his piety, and by the corresponding charm of a musical taste. And to this talent he turned as a support for his family, and he became a regular teacher, and has now for many years

employed almost all his time in giving lessons in the city on various musical instruments. And this reminds me of a little anecdote since told me by one of his pupils, in connection with his name, and which illustrates the assertion, that the suppression of one sense is often compensated in a measure by a heightening of the others. The young lady said, at the change of the season she had made some alterations in the arrangement of her parlor; and that the next day, when Mr. S. appeared to give her her lesson, he exclaimed, as he opened the door, "I see you have removed the forte piano away from the fire"—his nice ear having ascertained this change.

His whole being was now regenerated. He was happy in his religion, and together with his profession, it made such melody in his soul, that he soon burst forth as a composer of music; and to him the public are indebted for many fine pieces of sacred music; amongst others, the favorite one, adapted to the words of,

"There's nothing true but heaven."

He is still living in the town where I saw him; respected as a man, and admired as a musician. His family are all musical, and he has so trained his daughters that they have become proficient; and the one I saw guiding her father is said to be also a composer. They have acquired a genteel competency, are pious and good, and I know not where you will find a happier family.

CORNELIA AUGUSTA.

Original.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.*

THANKS, little Miss, for this sweet gift! I deem it doubly dear,

That thou didst give it me on the first Sabbath of the year!

I take it with an honest heart from one I dearly love,
And pray that He who guides the stars and rules the realms above,

May shelter thee beneath his wing from all distracting woes,

And shed within thy heart an odor sweeter than the rose!

When thou didst place it in my hand my heart indulg'd the dream,

That it were not a bloom of earth—so lovely did it seem!

And O! I thought a whisper trembled from its lucid folds,

Soft as the grateful sigh of love, that said, "Though winter holds

His reign o'er ev'ry fetter'd stream, and ev'ry flowerless hill,

The world is not all dreariness—there's beauty in it still!"

Thy little hand hath shelter'd it from winter's stormy breath,

And saved its leaves from flying to the bitter winds of death;

* Who presented the author with a beautiful rose on the first Sabbath in the year.

And now, an offering to the one who best thy love may prize,

Thou givest it to me that I may nurse it till it dies!

And O! I would that I could know that I were fit to be
The guardian of the rose and her who nourish'd it for me!

The autumn winds have been abroad and wither'd all the flowers

That blossom'd in the sunny fields, and in the leafy bowers;

Where late we saw the lilies bloom and roses sweetly spring,

The chilling blast that nipt them down unfurls his spirit wing;

And now in vain we seek to find the summer glories gone,

That brighten'd over ev'ry hill and smiled in ev'ry lawn!

The angel of the golden flowers has left our plains awhile;

To gladden other regions with the sweetness of her smile;

But ere she left she touch'd thy heart with sympathy, and bade

Thee shield this sweet and lovely rose from ev'ry sickly shade,

Till it should give its glories forth and spread its odors wide,

And smile beneath thy kind regard in beauty and in pride!

And O! I think when she returns some loving one should tell

The angel of the flowers, that thou hast done thy duty well!

Had I a lute of pearl and gold, its soft and flowing strain

Should greet her ear, and welcome her to her own realms again;

And one sweet note should tell her so, and kindly ask that she

Would twine with fairy hands a wreath of rosy gems for thee!

But there is One whose smile is light, and He will hear my prayer,

And wreath for thee a crown of life more beautiful and fair

Than all the roses of the earth; and it shall brightly shine

Upon thy brow in distant worlds, all radiant and divine,

Where seraph ones in robes of white for countless years have trod,

And vailed their faces with their wings before the throne of God!

E. H. H.

O'ER fields of green the flocks are spread,

The oak extends its sylvan shade,

The root puts forth its tender blade,

And says, 'tis May.

Original.

FALSE COMPLIANCE.

WE often hear an individual, particularly a female, commended and even eulogized for an amiable, yielding, and easy temper. And indeed few properties of character afford more satisfaction to others, or are greater evidence of generosity in the individual, than a kind and obliging temper. Certainly, it is a sacrifice in the performer, under whatever views, to surrender inclinations, purposes, and tastes, to the requirements of others. It is a matter that can hardly be overvalued or sufficiently compensated. The sacrifice is made, when the gust of humor dictates, for the receiver—it is complied with, when perhaps there exists an equal distaste to the act, or the surrender in the performer. If it is ever rewarded, the compensation comes, perhaps, at a time when it is neither needed nor relished by the person on whom it is bestowed. As far as our ken has yet extended, there is no fair return possible in the case. Do we let pass for nothing, then, the habit acquired of self-control—of cheerful, prompt performance—of ungrudging generosity—the self-annihilating service—the devotion of friendship—in short, the fulfillment of Scripture rule, to “do unto others even as we would that they should do unto us?”

But *are* we right in this exceeding compliance? and is our sacrifice of so much worth? For answer, let us apply the simple test of its motive. If it has been of the regenerated heart, of the paramount duty, and in the service of God, that we have done all this, then are we authorized to believe that our obedience shall have its reward. Has the service also been duly weighed in all its bearings and consequences? and will the effect, the necessary effect of our sacrifice upon all the parties concerned, see us out in a beneficial result? Then may we indeed rejoice exceedingly for this so great mastery over ourselves, that even besides the smiles and thanks and joy of our fellow, as seen and perceived by our heart of sympathy here, there is the far more exceeding joy in the intimation of the reward to come—even a rapture by perceptions not yet bestowed upon us, in which the wise believe by faith, and of which the good get a foretaste that shuts out all doubt for ever!

We have been led to this train of reflections, by the reading of an old letter, announcing the death of a most excellent lady, a former acquaintance, and one with whose history we are thoroughly conversant. Her latter years had been of singular conformity to Gospel rules and requirements, not temporizing and half worldly, but an adherence to law, by strict, prayerful, conscientious, and Scriptural interpretation—even by the reading of the great Teacher—the spirit of grace as bestowed on her when sought. This lady was born in one of the small towns (not now recollected which) of Connecticut, and was left, at a very early age, an orphan. She had no sister—only one brother, her junior, and no senior relative to guide and govern her youthful career. Her fortune was very considerable, but that was regularly attended to and saved for her.

Neither was it, in that staid community, and especially at that early date, (upwards of forty years since,) a wife to her unheeding youth. Her family, I might have noticed, was of the first class in station and respectability. She had afforded to her the best opportunities of education which our seminaries then possessed; and it is well known that Connecticut, more than any sister state, by custom and even by statute, bars the ingress of youthful follies, by the shutting out of temptation, of festivities, and amusements to the young, by many allowed as venial for such, without reflecting how much more difficult it is to eradicate false habits, than it is to prevent their germination and growth.

Miss S. was of a very serious, though cheerful cast of character; and whether the restrictions common to the place fell in with her natural disposition—or what is more like, that her dispositions were naturally formed after them—however, it is well known that she never evinced a taste for lightness or frivolity, even after she was introduced to a society, of which amusement and gayety were striking points of its character. Her removal and residence in the town of N—, in Massachusetts, happened in consequence of her marriage with a gentleman of the latter place. She was yet young, say seventeen years, and the man she married a gay, talented, and prominent participant in all the engrossing follies, or half follies, of fashionable life. And the town of N—, moreover, was par excellence not only the seat of Athenian elegance, of taste, character, versatility, but also it was, and had been from time immemorial, i. e., ever since the Revolutionary war, the seat and theatre of general, unstinted, unfailing hospitality. And being a thoroughfare, seated half way betwixt two of our large cities, it had the honor of entertaining the birds of passage on the outward and return flight from both places—a distinction which was rather acknowledged in the self-complacency of the accommodation, than by any effort of return to the occasional convenience of the other party. Of this in itself we would not make so much; for we admire a proper hospitality, and think that he who never affects it has no blood in his veins. But an unwise hospitality is worse than none; for it robs the poor by impoverishing the rich. And many things are of a piece with this indiscreet character in this town. You see a great number of the fine houses—ambitiously fine they are—but after a few years not occupied by the builder or either of his children—the value of the house being more than any one, perhaps two, could receive as a divided share of the property. So they have passed into other hands, and stand as regretful monuments to the children of the unthrift pride of the father. Sorry we are, but many such do you see in every New England town. At a distance this will hardly be believed of the calculating Yankee. Neither would we commute the unjust charge of their meanness, for, alas! the just one of their extravagance. Miss S., however, now Mrs. C., did not feel obliged, in coming here, to forego all her own habits, and to adopt the less judicious ones of her new residence; and though her husband, with the vanity common to youth, would fain

have lunched out in the commencement of house-keeping, yet, as in New England, the lady, if she have any means at all, invariably furnishes the house, so he could not have the indelicacy to dictate to his wife in matters of expense which his purse did not afford. And so, in furnishing, they took, by her good sense, the medium ground. They adopted what was decently genteel, and eschewed whatever was extravagant and pretending; and though some wondered that the rich Miss S. was so narrow in her views, it was but a passing comment, and none were excited to the ill-will of an abiding jealousy of her superior appointments to their own. Even her husband, at the end of the year, when she suggested that they had probably saved one or two hundred dollars in the interest of articles which she had rejected as superfluous, confessed his satisfaction, and began to perceive that he had acquired not only a companion and friend, but also a coadjutor in management, and an adviser in the difficulties incidental to their common lot. And he recollected with more than complacency how, as a bachelor, he had overruled his own taste—as far as the eye went—in preferring her to many a sparkling beauty, whom, vanity apart, he might reasonably have hoped to win; for he it known that Mrs. C. had never been pretty, even to the amount of comeliness. With a figure sufficiently commanding, she possessed that sort of face which, without symmetry or complexion, yet carries in its expression of good sense and earnest sincerity of principle, a grasp of power and tenacity upon the beholder, which—if he profess any point of affinity—is not easily shaken off. It was one of those plain faces which a female often avers, in her chosen friend, to be a handsome one. *A woman will as readily marry a plain man as a handsome one—a gentleman is not often so wise.*

Hers was a character that gained unawares upon the community; and though, at her first coming into this Athenian city, she had been thought of somewhat strait and fixed views, and rather plain for the chosen of the talented and witty lawyer, yet soon they began to apprehend that though she was not quite as apt at repartee, she was no ways his inferior in the sum of character and ability, and that, without intermeddling or dictating to others, she yet possessed and acted out an unequivocal deference to what was proper over what was merely customary. She was good and charitable. She noticed inferior persons, considered and thought about them, and helped those most who most needed help. She had often, according to the usage of the times, expensive presents proffered to her acceptance. She once, on an occasion of this sort, made this noble and characteristic answer, "I thank you—I will always remember this kindness; but pass it over in this particular—let it remain a bond yet to be redeemed in your kind regards for me, and in some gift, should I ever need it." At the same time she said in her own heart, "By custom I should have made an equivalent for this present, had I received it; but I prefer doing a hundred useful acts to the poor in the same amount. God has deputed some as his almoners upon earth. Have I—peradven-

ture I am one of them—have I a right to give to the rich? With my serious views, it would seem to me like a sort of Simony. No, I must never give or receive a present as such. Particular cases warrant the thing, and render it graceful and proper. But such cases are rare, and this certainly is not one of them." Such a sort of woman was Mrs. C. But she had, along with the joys of a satisfied conscience, many trials in the partial concessions which she rendered to the worldly considerations of her position.

She had never, in her youth, been initiated to scenes of mirthful and time-destroying gayety; and now, since her removal and married life, neither had she ever joined in amusements of this sort. Although it pained her affection, and inspired a momentary discontent, that her dear George should find enjoyment apart from herself, yet was she never tempted to overstep the rule which she had made to herself of "taste not, touch not." She never joined a dancing party, although her husband, whom she loved better than any earthly being, did many times each winter leave her at home, and, as had been his wont before marriage, join these parties of dissipation and folly. But suppose not any estrangement of regard on his part for this—he was most truly attached to her—he merely argued with his yet unchanged views, that in a matter which neither valued *very* much, there could be no great impropriety in his following his bent, so he left her to the enjoyment of hers. Now in the management of a legal argument our lawyer was regular and consecutive—at least he could be so—but in this case he gave an undue preponderance to inclination over propriety. Once, indeed, when the state of her health was not good, she expostulated with him a little, and said, "George, people will suppose you care very little for me, to attend so constantly as you do at these parties." She forbore using objections of a religious kind, which she was aware would be unavailing, and would create the avowal of a painful dissent. He replied, "If I find a temporary amusement in these scenes, will it not also be said that *you* would deprive me of *my* satisfactions? I value them only at what they are worth after all, and would not institute a comparison betwixt my regard for you or the matter of going to a party." "But," said she, affectionately, "I would not consent to be pleased or satisfied at any place where *you* were not. Indeed, George, these places are not worth your time and attention." And for that once he did not attend; but in the course of the evening he evinced so much discontent, and such a puerile hankering after the amusement that he had missed, that in future she forbore the subject altogether. Other far more considerable trials she had, too; for by this time her children were coming on the theatre of life. Her eldest daughter was now thirteen years of age. She had also two others, each a couple of years younger than the sister. And in the treacherous security of childhood they had been permitted to indulge in tastes adverse to the spirit in which their mother, had it happened that she alone should guide them, would have consented. But abetted by

their father, and by the influence of all association from without, they had been led on to a decided taste, and even the determination to indulge, like others in the school, in vain amusements, shows, and spectacles—idlenesses which, whilst they feed, out of all proportion, the outward senses, leave the mind and the soul to starve. I have used the word “determined.” That, indeed, is a strong word for a girl of thirteen years. Yet such was the case. Sophia C., possessing the best style of intellect, and a capacity that grasped at whatever it contemplated, had yet these rare endowments more than counterbalanced by a frowardness of temper and an incorrigible obstinacy of will which set admonition, entreaty, and even command, at defiance; and persisting in her self-will, she often absented school, to join in forbidden amusements, dressed expensively and beyond her years, spent much of her time in promenading the streets, and in the annoying and impertinent occupation of shopping without an errand, and finally entered into an epistolary correspondence with one of the young clerks of the counter. All these things, whilst they revolted her mother’s nice propriety, and yet more alarmed her rectitude in a holier sense, shocked her father’s pride, and offended his gentility.

The mother, we say, had been overruled in the management of her daughters. She had also, of late years, become habitually an invalid, and was of necessity not so vigilant as otherwise she might have been. But what was the father about whilst these evil fruits of misrule had been ripening in the domestic nursery? He was making a fortune, and spreading himself into fame. He was indulgent to his children; and when they were on their good behavior, which his petulant rebuke mostly controlled whilst in his presence, he was carelessly fond of them. But in any other sense than that of their temporal prosperity and preferment, they were but a third or fourth rate consideration with him. He would fain, indeed, that their characters were more thoroughly amiable, and particularly as to their establishment in life. Their aberrations he looked upon rather as the play of an extra juvenescence than as marks of positively vicious tendencies. He *considered them very young*, and that rectitude and decorum would come by the way, and follow in the train of womanhood and propriety. A woman, however negligent she may have been in the fact, would not have used this argument, at least in so large allowance; and although it is a beautiful comment upon the providence of nature that she does afford this superinduced propriety, as it becomes more needed, yet not so unwisely does she afford it as to supersede the necessity of parental surveillance and authority. But did the father continue to be satisfied in this half care of his children? or did conscience and a better sway of nature sometimes sting him into conviction and remorse? Yes, sometimes, especially when he saw that his wife, whom he tenderly loved, was afflicted to anguish, and almost to the verge of despair at their misdoings. But he by no means had the same view of the enormity of these self-directing children that she had. Where she grieved

over the violation of God’s laws, and the accumulation of sin upon their youthful heads, he apprehended but some signal outbreak, or some disgraceful catastrophe to their unrestricted license. But why did not he control it then? Will it be asserted that a man, a father, cannot restrain the movements of his children not yet grown into womanhood? In fact, the witty, keen, sapient lawyer, the student, the counselor, was not yet a strong character; for though capable of principles, he had not yet established himself in any. And being often fatigued with the press and hurry of professional business, and being, also, as we have said, regardless of the insidious approaches of sin under the venial guise of juvenile error, they were left much to themselves—and being three strong, which, as arrayed in opposition to their parents, means three wicked, they, by the arts of deception and prevarication, often got the better in the occasional discussions which took place in consequence of their self-assuming contumacy, and their departure from parental rule. As for the wife and the mother, she had been fain, in earlier years of their misconduct, to console herself with the axioms of philosophy, and would say, “I have been too proud of my husband’s public influence and his fame, and too well satisfied in his preference of me. Alas, I begin to perceive that no mere earthly good but has its alloy—its counterbalancing evil! Shall the heathen, indeed, plead the argument, ‘for the sake of the good to bear the evil,’ and shall not I, a Christian mother, be able to adopt so good a precept?” But now this mother had become a Christian indeed—she had experienced that great change which enlarges the vision by all that is spiritually discerned, and she began to say, “I once affected to console myself with teachings of philosophy; but I now desire to be consoled of that philosophy itself; and I begin to know that no human fortitude, nor any well suffered disadvantage shall suffice, or be accounted an offset for concomitant breach of trust. Out of regard to my husband’s mistaken views, I have violated the trust of a mother. I have been more regardful of him than of my God. I see the evil—I feel the punishment, in the ingratitude of those I have nurtured and nourished. And, O, how more bitter than the ‘serpent’s tooth it is’ to my fond and affectionate heart! But God will forgive me if I turn and change, and seek my consolations with him, and obey him, and constrain my children, with tears and with prayers, to turn away from their errors, and to leave off sinning and lead them on the way to do somewhat that shall be worthy of a blessing, when my poor head shall be cold and at rest within the earth. I feel, indeed, some intimations of that event, and that it is no very long time in which I may repair my unfaithfulness, my concedings of right to wrong, of rectitude to disorder. I have acted on a weak principle of pleasing and quieting. Alas, I have been unfaithful—I have cried peace, peace, when there was no peace! But this day, by the help of the Spirit, do I become indeed a new creature; for with my might will I redeem the children whom God hath given me from his arch enemy. I will reclaim them and save

their souls if I can. Mightily will I cry to God for help, and I shall be helped."

Such was the noble resolution which this Christian mother adopted; and in all ways and by all means did she urge, and plead, and insist, and pray over her children. She felt herself breaking down and sinking under the slow, sure, insidious approach and gainings of phthisis; yet this in all its sad changes admonished her to be faithful. And, first, she called her children, and told them she was dying; and this produced a shock upon their unextinguished affections, salutary to her purpose of enforced obedience and reform. She added that she required and commanded that they should obey her all the remaining days of her life, and she prayed that the remnant might yet be sufficient, with God's blessing, to save them. They were rebuked, and solemnized, and affected, and they promised to do all that she should require of them. She commenced her plan, first, with a daily reading of the Scriptures, and then that they begin a course of industry, in which they were particularly deficient; and in this she encountered all the difficulties of their unwillingness to confinement, their awkwardness of skill, their impatience of sedentary employment, and their indolence. But she persevered. Each day there was a prescribed task—a task, indeed, to their poor pale mother, who was living on broken doses of calomel; and as her patient, melancholy eye rested on them, they perceived the case, and felt how precious it was to obey her guidance. But sometimes, when they witnessed in their ignorance the momentary strength, the sparkling eye, or the hectic flush, they believed it was a true health, and perhaps revolted from close rule, and relapsed into their wonted disobedience, or some contention amongst themselves; for they were habitually too selfish to be kind sisters.

The work of reform is not of days, or months, but of years. For the eradicating of bad habits the time required bears some proportion to their date of duration. Neither here was the matter of reform expected to be established. But Mrs. C. counted, in her own case, chiefly upon the influences of her situation as it was, and upon the still youthful, though perverted minds of her daughters, as being acted upon by her dying voice.

She instructed them, as I have said, in the Scriptures, of which each one of them every day read a portion, with the affecting injunction, that whenever they should again read the same, to recollect all that she now said upon it, as applying to their benefit and assurance, and to think of her earnest wishes in connection, and to follow them out—spiritually, because God has commanded them to do so—naturally, which she was aware would as yet most influence them to the performance, for her sake.

It was the eldest daughter, Sophia, in particular, that had been most pertinacious in her sins. Of the other two, Mary and Elizabeth, it was rather a following of their sister's example than any rebellious outbreak of their own by which they offended; and in the

youngest, now about twelve years of age, after strict coercion and training, her mother had the satisfaction to discover, or rather to bring into action, the naturally obliging disposition, which had been half smothered by the long continued pressure of adverse influences. In Mary, too, after some months of close application, she discovered a tendency to domestic performances, and to industry at large. In Sophia, the strong Sophia, she had succeeded in awakening a sensibility which had lain for ever dormant under the supervening action of outward tendencies of excitement, company, and dissipation—genteel dissipation, as it is called—being a waste of time, health, innocence, and happiness. Let no one suppose that we use the word innocence in the perverted sense of the novelist. Nothing so gross appertains to these young persons, faulty as they are. Let many a fashionable mother reflect that her own daughters, who, she thinks, are only "doing as others do," are perhaps in as bad a train, and as effectually tainted with follies verging on to vice as these are. But Sophia had been aroused and alarmed. She was now alive to her mother's counsel, and she promised that when her mother should have passed away from the supervision of her children, she would herself assume, from time to time, to admonish them in the name, and in the gentle words and gentle tones of that now well beloved mother. "Not so," said her mother, "not in my name first, but call upon God, and you shall be enabled to do this thing, which, of yourself, nor even in my name of human affection, you could not do effectually without any other means. It is asking a very great grace, to root the weeds of bitterness from their hearts, and implant in their stead perennial flowers, fit for the paradise of God." Such was her talk; and she said to them, (and there was a feast of tears that day,) "My children, I feel myself, with all my infirmities, whilst heart and flesh are sinking away, I feel myself happier in your love and duty, and reclaimed life—I feel happier than I have been for years. 'Reclaimed,' I say, for I have your promises that you will continue your good course after I am departed, and sped to that bourne whence none return. Yet, as our affections, in their purity, which means their conformity to God's laws, as our affections, I say, get ingrafted into the soul itself, so the dying mother hopes yet again to see her children;" and she added, "if they consent that she should." And they all said, "O, mother, we will obey you for ever upon earth, that we may see you again in heaven." After this there was but once any showing of resistance. Sophia once, at an insensible moment, relapsed into contradiction and impatience of her sisters. But when she saw that her mother's tender eye glistened forth a spark, followed by a single drop of moisture, at the exacerbation of a trouble too strong to be repressed, she was smitten, convicted, and sin-sick to the very core of her heart. She fell on her knees, acknowledged her sin, and then her mother prayed over her a prayer that she never forgot. It was that she might be for ever admonished of a like guilt by the memory of this, and its exceeding bitterness to both.

How affecting is a mother's death-bed! She seems often, in her anxiety for her children, to forget that there is such a being as herself, until she is recalled by some painful intimation of nature. How beautifully did this mother descant upon the relative value of our manifold being! She said, "And has there been a moment of my life when I have more regarded nature than spirit. The gifts of the first are in themselves worthy of our acceptance and our care, because God has ordained that we should for awhile be 'so clothed upon.' But in the surrender how painful! With what ruthless haste does nature invade upon health—with all the devices of disease she saps and mines upon our strength, and follows it out with her sure, insidious, stealthy step; and, finally, with what greedy devouring does she claim back all that she ever bestowed upon us! Look here," said she—and she showed the then impoverished integument above the thumb—"that is consumption; and I yield to it as thousands have before me; but not unwillingly, for 'there is a converse to this sad picture'—I have a soul as well as a body; and whilst my sorrows and anxieties shall be buried with *this*, my felicities, my hopes, and my affections, shall be conserved with *that*. As, purified from the dross of earth, they have been conformed to God, they shall be accepted of him again. Yes, the soul, that precious germ, still lives and passes up to its Giver—its outbudding graces to be enlarged for ever, and finally absorbed into the beatitude of its original! O, my children, pluck hold of the faith that shall make you perceive all this—that shall engross the better part of your being, and save it from the desecration of folly—that shall save you from the sin of wasting your time and squandering your health and feelings upon trifles which were never intended to supply, to satisfy, or please them."

Her husband was deeply, thoroughly, substantially convicted. He took himself away from his business to converse and commune with the friend of his life and his affections. You may infer from the tenor of her character, that she was one to whom a husband would become more and more attached every succeeding year. He now wasted not in bewailings the days that were left, but he joined with her in the covenant of faith, and prayed and hoped with her; and he promised to keep their children in the path to which she had reclaimed them; and also he promised to watch over the impatience of his own spirit, which, by the indulgence of almost all about him for many years, had grown to be as unreasonable as it was unrestrained. Mrs. C., indeed, in the early part of her convictions, had humbly admonished him of this, and had even made some rule to herself of faithfulness to both. It had been his wont, in the hurry of business, to come into his meals, and to hurry and fret, requiring immediate service, even at undue hours, from every attendant about him. Mrs. C. used formerly to assist in this. But when she came to see spiritually, she said, "Dear George, I love you as ever, better, and will do as much really to oblige you; but I must never again abet you in your impatience. It is wrong, and I have come to know that it is unfaithful in me not to

admonish you of it. You must learn patience, dear George—no other person dares to tell you; and even I would prefer cooking your dinner myself to telling you; but that is not the thing. None other, after I am departed, will serve you with as much devotion as I have done."

This was one instance of many little things in which this pious wife sacrificed her own feelings to her husband's amendment. This was in the early part of her declining health; and from one less truthful and sincere, it might not have been so well received. He never doubted her motive for an instant; and with the associations of the time it worked its effect of putting him back to the propriety from which he had diverged. This excellent lady had, all her life-time, adopted some peculiar habits of self-admonition. Even in the hurried scenes of her first house-keeping, she used every day, when she combed her hair, to gather the strands shed on the comb, and deposit them in a certain drawer in her dressing table. "They shall make," said she, "a pillow for my coffin." "*Once a day*, dear George, is seldom enough to think of death!" And now that that time seemed approaching, how inconsolable was that sad friend!—his only comfort, indeed, was derived from a looking out from earth to heaven; and their associated prayers were a breathing of comfort to his agrieved spirit.

Her sickness was a protracted one. It has often struck us that a mother, anxious for her children, is seen to linger longer than another patient on the dying bed. Is it the natural tendency, that what diverts from the consciousness of disease also saves from the extra action of agitating conflict, so unfriendly to a weakened state? The especial boons of the dying hour, we know, are of the spirit and the soul. And so it was with this expiring Christian. The death was serene, calm, and triumphant; and they that had wept over her for many days, wept less on this day than on many that had gone before it, or than on many that succeeded it. Their anxieties and their vigilance were remitted, though their regret was no less. The lassitude that supervened was not of insensibility, but of exhaustion—the collapse of the bow after the shaft is sped. The regret of her husband merged into a melancholy, relieved only by the faith which she had been the instrument, in the hand of God, of supplying to his want. He had become a man of renown, and had accepted a place in the Senate of his country; and though prompt and earnest in his duties, they filled not the void in his heart. His two eldest daughters were married, and the third resided alternately with one and the other; and Mr. C., now that his home was broken up, thought never to supply it with another fire-side companion. In his case it was a worthy decision—he had never seen another with whom he would not have been inclined to institute a disadvantageous comparison, perhaps a contrast; and after some few years walking in a bereaved remembrance, rather than in the spirit of this life, he, too, was summoned to his audit, hoping and rejoicing, and believing that whether of

a renewed consciousness or not, all would be right.

The reformation of these children was substantial—for I tell you a true story—but it probably could not have happened out of any other circumstances than those which effected it—the mother's long sickness and death. Are there now any young daughters as far gone in sin, or of much shorter progress in the same course, we hope they have a monitress as faithful as these—and without their bereavement a reformation as effectual.

Original.

PASSING AWAY.

"Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved."

THERE is nothing on which we can fix our eyes that is not subject to mutation and decay. The "everlasting hills," as they are called, are gradually crumbling down and filling the vallies at their bases. The solid granite of the mountain wastes away under the ravages of time. The aged oak of the forest, having put on the drapery of a hundred summers, and withstood the storms of as many successive winters, finally yields, and is stripped of its foliage—despoiled of its glory. The barren trunk, which stands up in solitude to be riven by the lightning, and scattered to the winds, falls by piece-meal in the stillness of the untrodden forest.

Change follows change in rapid succession. Where flourishing empires, and populous cities, in one age of the world, obtrude their splendor and magnificence upon the contemplative vision, in the next, naught is presented to the gaze but the time-honored vestiges of what had been. As we look out upon the world, here and there scattered far and wide, we descry the last lingering relics of splendid empires and almost forgotten kingdoms. The chiseled fragments of proud columns, and triumphal arches, the remains of magnificent temples, and the ruins of ancient mausoleums, are presented to our gaze, and upon every fragment we see inscribed by the hand of time, "Passing away."

Suppose we transport ourselves upon the wing of imagination to distant years—before us rises ancient Babylon, in all her strength and beauty. See her ærial gardens, her elegantly finished temples, surmounted with minarets. Gaze upon her massive walls and impregnable towers—let the eye rest for a moment upon the long sweeping arches, supporting the splendid bridges that seem self-suspended over the Euphrates that glides in noiseless grandeur along. Turn to the temple of Belus, and from its topmost pinnacle take a survey of the scene that spreads around you, and ask, can this city, which in the Book of God is called "the glory of kingdoms," and "the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency," ever be laid waste? Every tower that rises from her splendid edifices—every fortress that surmounts her walls—every temple and palace that swells up in majesty beneath you, would answer, never. But to the prophet's eye, piercing the gloom of intervening years, appeared a different scene: "Babylon

shall be as Sodom and Gomorrah: it shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there; but wild beasts of the desert shall be there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there, and the wild beasts of the island shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces." Go now and search for the site of Babylon, and as you stand at the lonesome hour of midnight, and hear the scream of the hyena, the yell of the jackall, and the roar of the king of the forest, tell me if you do not feel the force of the declaration, "All these things shall be dissolved." Every passing breeze seems to whisper, "Passing away."

I point you to the remains of the proud Acropolis and Parthenon of Athens, and as you cast a glance upon their tottering columns, ruined battlements, and nodding porticos, strewn around with the fragments of broken capitals, friezes, pedestals, architraves, and statuary, say if the things of earth are not hastening to dissolution. Transport yourself to the Coliseum of Rome, and as you trace upon its broken walls the ravages of time, tell me if all things are not subject to mutation and decay.

Man himself hastens to decay. To-day he is an infant, to-morrow he treads the slippery paths of youth, and anon we see him in the vigor of manhood; but again his furrowed cheek and palsied hand point him to the grave. * * * The vision has fled, and the aged form sleeps at last in the silent grave. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass." Before me is a young female, whose destiny in this world will furnish a melancholy illustration of my subject. Her glossy tresses shade a brow that wears no marks of care. Her eye burns with unquenched fires, and her cheek glows with freshest shades. Her young life-blood is bounding free, and with a tread as buoyant as air, she glides along through a world of flowers and sunshine. Look at her again, and soon you shall see her blasted by affliction. The rose has faded from her cheek—her eye no longer sparkling with vivacity, but bedimmed with tears of deep affliction. Autumnal leaves, sear and blasted, rustle upon her grave—fit emblems of earthly beauty. "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness!"

J. E. E.

He that acts towards men, as if God saw him, and prays to God, as if men heard him, although he may not obtain all that he asks, or succeed in all that he undertakes, will most probably deserve to do so. For with respect to his actions to men, however much he may fail with regard to others, yet *if pure and good*, with regard to himself and his highest interests, they cannot fail; and with respect to his prayers to God, although they cannot make the Deity more *willing* to give, yet they will make the supplicant more *worthy* to receive.

Original.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

HIGH on his ivory throne, with gold o'erlaid,
Full royally bedeck'd with purple robes,
Sat Babylon's proud monarch. His dark eye
Glanced o'er the splendid scene and fawning throng
Who crowded to the gorgeous banquet hall.
Chaldea's noblest sons were there—the sage
Of many winters, with his hoary beard,
Of venerable mien, in meek attire.
And there were warriors of commanding port,
Of war-lit eyes and breasts, with ardor swelled;
And high-born dames were there, and beauty's star
Shone o'er the scene of mirth.

Then he arose,
Poor, proud, presumptuous fool, and bade them bring
The sacred vessels, which, in other days,*
Had graced the temple—monument of art—
And range them round to grace his kingly board,
And feed his swollen pride as trophies bright,
As triumph-symbols of his victory o'er
The once great kingdom of the fallen Jews.
Now rose the mirthful voice and flattering song,
And many a vassal chanted o'er in praise
The honors of the king—his pomp—his power—
Till all that high and gorgeous chamber rang
With one loud shout, "Belshazzar, live for ever!"
And as the accents swept along the crowd,
They were re-echoed back from hall to hall,
And dome to dome of that vast edifice.

When this had died away, there reign'd o'er all
A gloomy, ominous silence—like the calm
Which wraps reposing nature in its arms,
Before the bursting of the lowering storm.
What means this sudden stillness—awful pause?
Where, with such unanimity, have all
Affrighted turned their eyes?

A human hand,
Alive, alone, comes forth upon the wall,
And traces there dark characters of fate.
The monarch trembles on his throne. His eyes
In maniac wildness fix upon that spot,
Where lie concentrated all his guilty fears,
Where conscience reads the sentence of his doom,
And pictures Justice with her vengeful bolts!
His cheek is blanched, and courage leaves his breast.
He fain would speak—the portals of his mouth
Are closed; for such emotions throb within,
As choke his utterance. Cold and clammy drops,
Distilled by fear, stand on his pallid brow,
And fall unheeded on his purple vest.

At length he speaks, "Ye sages, where's your skill?
Philosophers, your wisdom? Is there none

* Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem; and the king, and his princes, his wives, and his concubines, drank in them.

Within my wide-spread realms, that can unfold
The dark, mysterious meaning of these words?
If there be one who can explain to me
Their import, then let purple robes be brought,
And let him be proclaimed the third in pow'r
To me, Belshazzar, monarch of the east."
They came; old gray hair'd sages, who had spent
Their days diverse from all of human kind;
Sequestered in some lonely, silent grot,
That there they might search out effect and cause,
And dive into the mysteries of fate,
And ponder coming things—astrologers,
Whose lofty minds held converse with the stars,
And they who dealt in dark, suspicious arts.
Of no avail is now their treasured lore—
Their mouths are sealed by ignorance and fear—
The mystery still remains concealed, unsolved,
The awful words unread!

There was a pause—
A pause of deep despair. Impressive scene!
That scepter'd monarch, and that glittering throng,
Like statues standing, as if some death-fiend
Had looked in on their reveling, and marred
The festal hour! No word of man could tell
So well the utter hopelessness of hope,
As that still, solemn pause.

Then Daniel came.
His face with wisdom and with goodness shone;
Though in the presence of a tyrant king,
'Mid all the splendor of the royal dome,
His gait was noble, and his step was firm.
No fawning flattery deformed his mouth,
But heavenly truth was borne upon his breath:
"O, king! thy days are numbered; and thy pow'r,
Thy pomp, thy glory, all are ended now!
Thou long hast reveled in the depths of sin,
And followed pleasure's evanescent shade;
Now justice takes her turn, and thou must die!
Thou know'st thy father; how, with foolish pride,
His heart was swollen above his mortal state—
Thou know'st his punishment full well, O king!
And now, because thou hast not turned thee from
These ways of evil, which thy sire pursued;
Because, with his dark fate before thine eyes,
Thou knowingly hast erred and gone astray
From those right paths which God would have thee
tread;
He, the Omnipotent, the Judge of all,
To whom thou owest all thy state and power,
Sees fit to punish thee. Thou hast been weighed
By Justice in her righteous scales, and now
Thou art found wanting, and thy kingdom's given
Into thy rival's hand—the Median king.
Monarch! prepare to meet thy destined doom,
And bow to thine irrevocable fate!"

He spake. That very night the Persian came;
The morning's dawn beheld Belshazzar slain—
His power all scattered like the fleeting chaff—
His proud heart moldering to its native dust!

Original.
NEUTRAL NATION.

BY R. SAPP.

"Their spears upon the cedar hung,
Their javelins to the wind were flung,
They bent no more the forest bow,
They arm'd not with the warrior band."

THAT which is beautiful and redeeming in the character or customs of the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent, should be collected and carefully treasured up. Their vices have been detested by all who have written and talked upon their national and individual character; and it is true that there is but little about them to admire. Yet, from the mass of evil, here and there may be found a bright quality, a beautiful tradition, or a noble characteristic, which creates in the mind of the civilized and enlightened, enraptured admiration. The primitive origin of this race of men is hid in the impenetrable shades of the past. But notwithstanding this fact, it is a pleasing task to pick up their traditions, examine their customs and habits, learn their religion, and contrast their many peculiarities with those of the oriental nations, from whom, it is probable, they descended. There are, however, more discrepancies between them and eastern nations than there are correspondencies. One theory which has been adopted by the antiquary is a descent from the ancient Israelites. Be this theory true or false, we do not pretend to say, nor do we say that any theory which has been adopted is true.

Between some of the nations of this continent and the Israelites there are customs which bear a distant resemblance. The Jewish nation was composed of twelve tribes; the Wyandott nation is made up of seven. And it is true, that amidst the multitude of changes which have taken place in the history of that people, they have always maintained this distinctive feature of their national character. The Iroquois nation was originally composed of five distinct tribes. Subsequently, they adopted and incorporated into the parent nation the Tuscaroras, which constituted that confederation known in the history of our first settlements as the Six Nations. The law of marriage and descent among the Wyandotts is peculiar. It is unlawful for the members of the same tribe to intermarry. The man is compelled to marry a woman belonging to some other tribe; and the descendants always belong to the tribe of the mother. While in that nation, I was pointed to a man who was the last member of his tribe, and at his death the tribe of which he was a member would become extinct.

The existence of a neutral nation among the warlike tribes of this continent, is what will not readily be received by those who have become acquainted with their character, and learned the history of their wars. The tradition of such a nation exists among all the northern Indian nations, and has been partially attested by the first French Catholic missionaries who visited the country. The place of their residence was the

Sandusky river, near where the town of Lower Sandusky now stands. From time beyond memory and tradition, the Wyandotts and Iroquois had been engaged in a war of relentless extermination. This war had commenced earlier, and was still in progress in 1534, when Cartier landed on the Canada shore. The Wyandotts had been driven from their ancient homes on the banks of the St. Lawrence, to the country west of Lake Superior, where they found refuge among the Sioux. From this point their warriors made predatory excursions into the territory of their ancient enemies, and as often had them returned. The Wyandott tradition of this neutral nation represents them as having separated themselves from the parent stock (Wyandott) and fled for safety into the western country, soon after the war with the Iroquois commenced. Here they established themselves, and professed strict neutrality and friendship for all the belligerent nations. They built two forts in their territory, one of which they appropriated to the Iroquois, and the other to the Wyandotts and their allies. To these the discomfited could fly, as the Israelite to the city of refuge, and while within these sacred inclosures, or on this ground of common peace and neutrality, feel safe and assured of protection. Father Segard,* on coming into the country, two centuries since, found them still in the possession of this sanctuary of peace, living uninterrupted, and having the confidence of the belligerent nations. The causes which led to this singular separation and peculiar organization among a savage people, is a matter of curiosity. And how it acquired the consent of such warlike and blood-thirsty tribes, is equally curious. As to these, tradition furnishes no data. The traditionary history of this singular people is rather meagre, and hence scarcely more than the bare fact that they existed is known. It is probable that they had their origin in the dreams, and conjuring, and juggling tricks of some of their prophets, and that superstition lent its aid to secure the favor of the warring nations. Be the cause of their origin what it may, among savage nations it was a beautiful institution—a place where all could meet upon the common ground of friendship, and know that they were in the midst of a nation of peace-makers.

After having existed in this peculiar form for a long period, it is represented that an intestine feud sprung up among them, one party embracing the cause of the Iroquois, and the other of the Wyandotts, which terminated their existence. This was an unhappy fate. Such a people merited a different end. Happy would it have been if they could have maintained the same character of national peace-makers, and have come down, as such, even to this our day.

MODERN criticism discloses that which it would fain conceal, but conceals that which it professes to disclose; it is, therefore, read by the discerning, not to discover the merits of an author, but the motives of his critic.

* General Cass' lecture before the Historical Society of Michigan.

IMPORTANCE OF FAMILY DISCIPLINE.

It was my privilege on a recent occasion to enter an ancient temple in this city, of which I could say, our fathers worshiped in this mountain. Both the place and the pastor are connected with my most holy and consecrated associations, and have often deepened my realizations of the unchangeableness of God's covenant, and the consequent safety of all those who are identified with it. The subject presented to our attention was quite in harmony with the train of thought induced by surrounding objects, "This day is salvation come to this house." When the Lord Jesus visits a habitation he brings salvation to it. He dwelt particularly on the blessings resulting from this salvation, and urged them as inducements to a cordial reception of the Savior into our hearts and families, on the evident decline of vital piety in the families of God's people, and some of the causes of it. If our houses are not visited by Christ, and his salvation is not brought to them, as in former days, it becomes us to inquire why the visitations of his mercy do not gladden our hearts. Various reasons for the Savior's absence were assigned, but that which appeared to my own mind the most prominent, as I conceive it to be most destructive to every holy influence in the family, was the growing disregard of parental authority and domestic insubordination. This is the axe laid at the root of family religion, and where this insubordination exists the fruits of the Spirit will be looked for in vain. Perhaps some of your readers will turn from this article with disgust, feeling that enough has been said and written on the worn-out topic of family discipline. It is true that enough had been written on this subject when the holy man of old wrote, as he was moved by the Holy Spirit, the condition of God's covenant with Abraham, in which the family organization is so distinctly recognized, "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord." But, if God's people are dull of hearing, or forgetful of what they do hear, or neglect to practice what they do know, it becomes us to raise our voice, and to reiterate again and again the terms of the covenant, and to define more clearly the position which we and our families must occupy in order to give to the Savior such a cordial reception into our houses as would invite the visitations of his mercy.

There is something very peculiar in the family organization; it is the oldest organization in the world. God is its author; he formed it in paradise, and it is the only vestige of the happiness of Eden which has come down to us, and will last to the end of time. For a long time the family and the Church were one: all the accessions to the latter were from the former, in which it had its origin; and in all God's gracious dispensations towards man he recognizes this blessed relation of parent and child. He deals with man as a social being clothed with responsibilities, and enjoying privileges, the faithful discharge of the one securing the possession of the other; and the neglect of the one involving the forfeiture of the other. Has this view of this most in-

teresting subject been sufficiently appreciated? Do we not provoke the Lord by our presumption rather than honor him by our faith, when we plead for the fulfillment of his promises, all of which are conditional, and expect our prayers to be answered in the conversion of our children, while we are verily guilty before God of neglecting to exercise that authority with which he has invested us, for the training up of holy families? If I am not mistaken, there is too much faith without works in the hearts of God's people. It is much easier to believe that God will convert our children in answer to our fervent prayers added to our faithful instructions, than to subdue the stubborn, obstinate will in the untiring contest for mastery, by judicious but unflinching discipline. The spirit of the age is one of insubordination. Satan appears to have no very serious objection to all the forms of religious instruction, and all the sanctifying influences which are brought to bear upon the youthful mind. Transformed into an angel of light, he may even suggest to the parental heart as a quietus to all its fears, "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee." So long as he keeps the undisturbed possession of this stronghold, an unsubdued will, his interest is secure. Our children enjoy every privilege but that of faithful discipline; for this they suffer loss. The want of this, like the absence of power in a well-contrived machine, renders all the parts, combined or single, useless. I have sometimes thought that parents of the present day were too indolent or too feeble to exercise family government. But I am sure that if half the breath spent in repeating commands or coaxing to obedience, or reasoning about the propriety of the thing required, were used in the application of the rod according to divine appointment, until submission and a prompt compliance with a command once given were gained, there would be a great saving of time, of strength, and broken-hearted parents. We used to hear of parents breaking their children before they reached a certain period—after which the child understood that the will of the parent was to be implicitly obeyed, and all contests were easily settled. This breaking or subduing the will was considered a most important event in the history of the child. The process was conducted with coolness, patience, and much prayer to God for his blessing, while it was pursued with an inflexible firmness. The result could not but be happy. After this the rod was seldom, if ever, called for. The great question had been settled, and was not to be again disturbed. These living "epistles were known and read of all men," as the children of believing parents, whose faith and works reciprocally acting on and through each other, brought forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. But we have fallen on evil times. There is a fearful decline of family religion; and without a change, the Church will, ere long, receive her largest and richest accessions from the world, rather than from those who have been dedicated to God at the altars of the Church. Earthly good, in some of its varied forms, has filled the parental eye, and the heirs of the covenant are sacrificed to this Moloch.—*Mother's Magazine.*

SINCERITY IN WOMAN.

THE characteristic endowments of women, are not of a commanding and imposing nature, such as man may boast of, and which enable him to contend with difficulties and dangers, to which, both personally and mentally, he is liable. The perfection of the female character is attained by the cultivation of endowments completely opposed to these, but equally suited to the nature of their duties. They consist in purity of mind, simplicity and frankness of heart, benevolence, prompting to active charity, lively and warm affections, inducing a habit of forbearance, and the practice of self-denial, which the comfort or good of their human ties may demand. These, when confirmed and supported by a devout spirit towards God, give a mild but steady lustre to female existence, equally adorning it in the character of daughter, wife, or mother. But when these gifts of nature remain uncultivated, or are improperly directed by any unfavorable circumstances in early life, we must expect to find them degenerated into weaknesses, or to have given place to their opposite defects: simplicity and frankness changed into cunning; benevolence crushed into selfishness, or exercised without discretion and judgment; irritability of temper instead of meekness and forbearance, and a stronger inclination to gratify self than to consult the wishes and the feelings of others; in morality, no steadiness, expediency governing rather than sincerity of heart and integrity of mind; and in religion, either enthusiasm or coldness and indifference.

Sincerity is composed of simplicity of intention, and of truth in thought and word. A woman truly sincere will say neither more nor less than she means and thinks; she is undesigning, and therefore has no cause to mislead by her words; and though her prudence may sometimes restrain her speech, it never urges her to the practice of disingenuity. Sincerity is essential to our comfort in all our earthly connections; without it there can be no reliance or confidence, no safety; nor can there be any certainty that other virtues have a firm footing in those who are evidently devoid of sincerity. Insincerity is the poison of every good quality and feeling, and can serve as nourishment only to base and unworthy desires. There are many causes which conspire to render duplicity not an uncommon failing in women. A sense of weakness, timidity of disposition, and a defective judgment, often lead them to employ a subterfuge rather than open dealing, in the attainment of any petty wishes and objects. Some of the usages of society have also a disingenuous tendency, and they who aspire to the reputation of politeness, not unfrequently practice, to its utmost extent, this licensed disingenuity, although forfeiting the higher claim to sincerity. Such characters do no good to themselves, and, fortunately, but little harm to others; they gain no credit for their professions of friendship or good will, nor secure to themselves any friendship more sincere than that which they profess; for who can value those they believe to be hollow in heart, and to whom they apply the epithet of "people of the world?"

Original.
SPRING.

BY MRS. DUMONT.

THERE'S a breath in the air, like love's balmy sigh
Stealing softly from valley and hill;
For a voice has gone forth through the earth and the sky,
And creation is stirred with the thrill.
She wakes—from the skies to the caves of the deep,
That summons has passed in its power:
She has thrown off the shroud of her moldering sleep,
And her pulses again all exultingly leap
To the call of her waking hour.

How the earth is all changed! her whole face seems
o'erspread
With the gladness of beauty and love;
Like a distant reflection of glory, just shed
Through the skies, from the bright worlds above.
The air is with soft, mingling melodies filled,
Newly waked from long slumbering strings;
The song of the bird, by the bleak winter stilled,
And the murmur of founts, that the north breath had
chilled,
And the hum of new life, on glad wings.

And the wide brightening forest, that gloomily flung
Its grey arms 'gainst a desolate sky;*
While the voice of the storm through its sullen glades
rung,
Like a hollow and wailing cry.
How graceful it bends in its richly robed pride,
As if courting the light's yellow play;
How deep are the shadows it flings far and wide
O'er the streams, whose bright waters rejoicingly glide
Through its depths, in their beauty, away.

But while nature thus springs to such glorious birth,
Triumphant o'er ruin and death—
Through the vast, *human* world, wakening spirit of
earth,
O, send'st thou thy strong healing breath?
Thou, who callest decay into health's mantling bloom,
Hath *conscious* life part in thy sway?
Can thy smile the dark cells of the soul re-illumine?
Or rekindle the hopes that have set in the tomb?
Or thy voice stir its slumbering clay?

Yet why the vain questioning? Not without power
Thou comest, o'er the sad world of thought;
For a language is set in the hues of the flower,
With the teaching of angels fraught.
It speaks of a summons, yet louder than thine
On the dark reign of time, that shall break
When death shall the keys of his empire resign,
And the re-quickened dust to a beauty divine,
From the earth and the ocean awake.

* "And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tost."

Original.
AMERICAN POETRY.

BY J. T. BRAME.

THE present age has been productive of grand developments, and important changes. We have seen "decay's effacing fingers" blasting the fairest hopes of man, and the genius of revolution striding fearfully among the nations. The venerable institutions of centuries, and the ephemeral creations of yesterday have alike fallen, and billow has succeeded billow upon the ever-varying ocean of human affairs with the most fearful rapidity. Amidst the fluctuations of the age—amidst downfall and innovation, we are pleased to know that there is one cause which has been steadily progressing—the cause of literature. It is not our purpose, in this article, to note the cause of this gratifying state of things, nor yet to dwell upon the present condition of literature in general; but to offer a few remarks on one of its departments, and to consider the obstacles to the advancement of that department in the United States.

It has been remarked, and we think with truth, that "while poetry is declining in one quarter, it is advancing in another." History seems to confirm this assertion. The Tempean vales and Parnassian hills of classic Greece, so long vocal with the sweetest strains of the lyre, have been silent for two thousand years. The same blue skies still canopy that land—its inhabitants still cherish the love of country—they have but of late kindled their beacon-fires upon a thousand hills, and have dared to be free—

"Their ears have drunk the woodland strains
Heard by old poets, and their veins
Swell with the blood of demi-gods,
That slumber 'neath their country's sods;
There nature molds as nobly now
As e'er of old, the human brow,
And copies still the martial form
That braved Plataea's battle storm!"

Yet there the inspiration of poetry is no longer felt; while our own hills and prairies, for ought we know, hitherto slumbering in the most unbroken silence, are echoing from peak to peak, and from vale to vale, the melody of undying song. Italy, the land of the Mantuan bard, and in later times of Dante and Boccaccio, is now as mute as her own sculptured marbles, and no longer charms us with the magic of her verse. In England the decline of poetry has been the general cry for many years. The minstrel of the north has sung his "last lay," and sleeps in his voiceless grave, amid the barren plains and bleak hills of that land over whose scenery he has shed such an unfading effulgence and around whose martial deeds he has entwined the ever-green of immortality. Childe Harold's "pilgrim age" is o'er, and he now reposes in the vaults of his haughty line. The author of the *Course of Time*, the opening buds of whose genius gave promise of an abundant harvest, has been snatched away by early death; and Felicia Hemans has sunk "like a starlet to her rest." Of the English poets who survive their

contemporaries, age has unnerved the wing, and lowered the flight of their muses. In our own country, were we to judge from the number of living poets, we should consider the *Ars Poetica* as in a state of rapid advancement. The American poets are for the most part young, and some, it is to be confessed, manifest extreme juvenility in their compositions. The poetry, then, which has been heretofore exhibited to the American public should be regarded rather as the early blossoms of genius—as the promise of future achievement, than as specimens of our real excellence. We now proceed to speak of some of the obstacles to the advancement of poetry in the United States.

The most formidable obstacle is the utilitarian character of the age. And especially, in a land like ours, where the ratio of capital to labor is so great, is it natural to suppose that men will be engaged in active employments, having for their object some tangible advantage. Hence, the cry of all classes is for "utility, visible, tangible utility." Enterprise and speculation are the engrossing topics of the day. In the language of a fine writer, Rev. Dr. Peck, of New York, "Dollars and cents are with us the unit of value, and whatever study cannot be thus estimated, is too frequently shoved out of the account. Now this we all know to be the besetting sin of our country—it is the reproach from abroad that rests upon us—it is the snare at home that entangles us, and it is a position as false as it is dangerous." Forgetting the effects of moral causes on national character, we seem to found our country's glory, on her enterprise, her commerce, the settlement of her western wilds, and her varied clime and productions. In the opinion of too many of our modern "Jack Cades," the squatter who has removed his log cabin farthest from the verge of civilization has done more to advance his country's glory and interest, than the most elegant essayist, or the most sublime poet. "The true glory of a nation," says a beautiful writer, "consists not in the extent of its territory, the pomp of its forests, the majesty of its rivers, the height of its mountains, and the beauty of its sky, but in the extent of its mental power, the majesty of its intellect, the height and depth and purity of its moral nature."

It is a melancholy fact, that this hankering after a utility, in some degree tangible and immediate, has begotten a spirit decidedly hostile to the arts and sciences. As among the Goths and Vandals of other days, to call a man "a Roman," was regarded as a sign of contempt; so in our day, to be a man of books, is with too many a token of a craven and effeminate spirit. Against no department of literature are there stronger prejudices than against poetry. Poetry and nonsense are regarded by many as convertible terms. The question here suggests itself, "Is poetry of any positive utility or not?" We answer in the affirmative, and shall, before leaving this point, refute some of the objections urged against it, and point out its many and important uses.

But, first, we would premise a brief remark concerning the meaning of the term *utility*. A more extended application is due to that term than is commonly

assigned to it. It is applicable to every cause, either physical or moral, which subserves human happiness, whether that cause be manifest or obscure, and its effects immediate or remote.

It has been gravely asserted that the tendency of poetry is "to incapacitate man for the emergencies and duties of life, and to debase the heart." These are the arguments by which the fair fabric of poesy is to be demolished—these are the proofs that poetry is not only without utility, but positively injurious. The first objection, concerning its tendency to incapacitate man for the duties and trials of life, may be briefly and easily met. What was it that roused the sinking courage of the Spartans against their enemies, the Messenians? The moving elegies of Tyrtæus kindled anew the expiring embers of love of country which led them to the battle plain, and girt their brows with the laurel crown. Who sang more harmoniously in ancient days than Alcaeus? Yet he was "*ferox bello*;" and there is no character in all antiquity, which, for a spirit of patriotic devotion, heroic self-sacrifice, and glowing ardor, more demands the gush of sympathy and admiration. Whom, in modern times, has the muse of history to celebrate braver than Sir Philip Sydney—more profound in thought than the author of *Paradise Lost*, and more instructive than Coleridge and Montgomery? The objection concerning its tendency to debase the heart may be likewise answered. In the Psalms of David, and the writings of the holy prophets, truths the most solemn and interesting, and sentiments the most religious and devotional are delivered in the highest order of poetry. We admit that poetry, like all other good things, is liable to perversion; and in common with all friends of virtue and literature, we lament its destructive influence, when contaminated with impurity, misanthropy, and infidelity. But its perversion forms no argument against it, when undegraded from its proper sphere. Dr. Channing has said, "In its legitimate efforts, it has the same tendency with Christianity, to spiritualize our nature; and even when its fires are dimmed by misanthropy and impurity, it cannot wholly forget its true vocation." We thus see that the tendency of poetry is neither to incapacitate the mind, nor debase the heart. It may be made greatly instrumental in advancing human happiness. Man cannot always live in the great world of business and action; he must have his hours of meditation, "when mind and body are freed from the yoke of service, and the course of thought takes a higher turn than the dusty track of common life." To fill up these "intervals between the acts of life," when the divinity stirs within, and the soul in its dreams, leaving these mortal shores, soars to its native heaven, is the peculiar office of the muse. Then the power, the inspiration of poetry is felt. Its influence spreads over the baser metal of our alloy, and directs our aspirations upward to virtue and to heaven.

As a final proof of the utility of poetry, we shall view it in another very important light—its connection with individual and national character. There have

been many epochs in the world's existence, of which no history is extant; and even where historic records are found they afford scant materials for judging of the characteristics of the times when they were composed. But poetry, though its legends be apocryphal, or fictitious, always embodies the spirit of its peculiar age and nation, and, hence, is of the utmost importance in clearing up and interpreting contemporaneous history. Our remarks may be illustrated by many obvious cases. In the first stages of society, "when life itself was an eclogue," the poetry partook of the simplicity of the times. In after days, when the Grecian and Roman, the African and the Oriental warriors met upon the red plain of battle,

"In all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,"

the poetry was tinged with the martial spirit. During the reign of chivalry, when the Christian world, marshaled by an enthusiastic anchorite, rushed to the rescue of the holy sepulchre from the grasp of the infidel, the synchronous poetry was marvelous and romantic in a high degree.

Having thus considered the objections to poetry, and its utility, we proceed to speak of another obstacle to its advancement in the United States—the precocity of our writers. It is natural to a young and gifted mind, animate with hope, and unprepared for failure, to weave golden visions of the future, and to be dazzled by the halo of poetical fame. The practice, too, so prevalent, of puffing every production of the least merit, and the ill-judged praise of partial friends, have been peculiarly hurtful and unfortunate. Allured by a love of fame, and persuaded by indiscreet commendations, our poets venture too soon into the arena. Instead of being contented with hopping from twig to twig, while they are yet unfledged, they must needs be careering over the whole landscape, caroling their brain-sick fancies, and "airy nothings," until at last, by luckily falling into the talons of the eagle, they are spared from farther disgrace to themselves, and the noble art they profess. Imagination and hope tell them they will redeem their country's glory. Already they see their names emblazoned on history's proudest page, and enshrined in rich and deathless melody—already

"We give in charge

Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historic muse,
Proud of her treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond, in stone and ever-during brass,
To guard them, and immortalize her trust!"

We incline to the opinion that their claims to immortality should be tried by the *ordeal of fire*.

A third obstacle, and the last we shall mention, to the advancement of American poetry, is that spirit of imitation which has always been so prevalent among our poets. Hence it is that our poetry abounds in figures and descriptions, borrowed from the history and scenery of other lands, all which are not only highly destructive of that nationality which should be stamped upon our literature, but absurd and ridiculous in the extreme. It would be deemed very absurd for a painter to introduce an elephant or a white bear into a Vir-

ginia landscape; so is it equally absurd for an American poet to be continually harping on haunted castles, forlorn knights, dryads and hamadryads, nymphs and nereids, and all the et ceteras of poetical description. Moreover, as in all imitation it is exceedingly difficult to fix upon a proper model, and to distinguish the faults and excellences of that model, so in the present instance. The models of the American poets have in general been decidedly bad; and in these they have followed only the faults. We find this to be particularly the case with those who have selected Byron as their model. Theirs was not an imitation of the higher and nobler characteristics of that unrivaled and immortal bard, but an aping of his scowling gloom, his infidel sensuality, and his sullen misanthropy. They fell down and worshiped the eclipse, not the effulgence of his mighty genius. The bad tendency of imitations of this kind is sufficiently manifest.

Before concluding our observations, we would add a word or two to the poets of our country. The first remark we offer is at once important and encouraging to American genius—that poetry, like eloquence in its bold and lofty efforts, can only flourish in free states. Our assertion is confirmed by undoubted fact. The Iliad was composed in times of the most primeval simplicity, before the arts of tyranny and corruption were invented. The Roman poetry, under the emperors, was degraded from the strength and fire of former days, into sycophancy and adulation. After the palmy era of Augustus, we look in vain for the nobler characteristics of the muse. The free and bold genius of the English nation has been peculiarly favorable to the exertion of poetical talent, and accordingly we see that poetry has flourished there in its highest state. In our own country, from the complexion of our political institutions, and from physical as well as moral causes, there is reason to expect that poetry will rise to a distinguished elevation. Thus shall the muse contribute, with science, religion, and liberty, to the decoration and glory of “the land of the free and the home of the brave.” Thus shall America be venerated, not only as freedom’s chosen land, but as the nurse of poetry, and the mother of many a living lyre, whose inspired and unearthly harmonies, like those of vanished centuries, shall float down to distant ages, and kindle the fires of patriotism and devotion, in the generations to come!

In the next place, the American poets should remember that “*a premature exhibition of talent, is an unstable foundation for lasting fame.*” They should also make their poetry more national, or, in other words, should stamp on it more deeply the impress of American character and scenery, and should oppose themselves to all imitation. Our history, brief as it is, is strongly marked, and affords an unfailing supply of themes for poetry. The character and fate of the aboriginal tenants of our noble land, the adventures of the early emigrants, the incidents of the War of Independence, our magnificent scenery, our progress, as a nation, in arts and improvements—all these offer themselves to the American poet. Is it too much to hope

that, with these high subjects before us, some one of our poets, fathoming the recesses of his own mind, and throwing off the shackles of a blind and absurd imitation, will yet bring up the richest pearls of thought, and place them as his best offerings, in that coronal which encircles the brows of his country? In fine, we bid the American votary of the muse ever to bear in mind the high aims of poetry, to amuse, to soothe, and to instruct—to depict the beauty of virtue, and expose the odiousness of vice. Never let him suppose that “splendid lies are all the poet’s praise”—never let him become “immoral in his lay, the melodious advocate” of infidelity and sin. Let him call on truth “to lend her noblest fires,” and decorate his flowing numbers, and his spotless page. Then will he shine as a “bright, particular star;” then will his verse,

“Through each succeeding year,
His life, his manners, and his name endear;
And when the poet sleeps in silent dust,
Still hold communion with the wise and just;”

then will the creations of his genius be bathed in the sunlight of the Divine approbation, and be prepared to stand the scrutiny of the final hour; then will he realize the proud boast, and the daring aspiration of the artist of antiquity, “I paint for eternity!”

Original.

THE WANDERER.

“O, my God! my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites from the hill Mizar.”

YE flowers, that blossom thick around,
And scatter wide your rich perfume;
Ye birds, that with harmonious sound
Sing sweetly ’mid such solemn gloom,
How can ye lift your heads so fair,
Or chaunt your songs so merrily,
While I am filled with anxious care,
And bow’d in hopeless misery?

Once, when my heart was warm with love
For Him who died to save mankind,
I felt that peace flow from above
Which calmed the tumults of my mind.
But, O! I wandered far from God—
Far from the “strait and narrow way,”
When sudden came affliction’s rod,
And I was left to grief a prey.

And must I spend my future days
Without one glimmering hope of heaven?
And must my heart be dead to praise,
And daily be by sorrows riven?
O, come, dear Savior, come once more,
And soothe with love this aching breast,
Inspire, and I shall thee adore,
Then grant me everlasting rest.

CLARA.

Original.
"O, HOW SWEET!"

BY THE EDITOR.

EUGENIA, the comfort of her aged parents, and the guide of her younger sisters, has been torn from the embraces of those who loved her, and is now entombed with the dead.

Could beauty, competency, moral loveliness, the tears of friends, and the regrets of society move the king of terrors, E. had not died. All these and much more were her earthly heritage. Yet the destroyer regarded them not. He chose "the shining mark." He loved to gather to himself these trophies of his cruel reign, and he seized on all. Yet his triumph is short.

E. was a Christian. She was not a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God. She gave her affections not to the world, but to Him who died to *redeem* the world. Though often and urgently solicited to yield to the popular current, and to mingle with the fashionably gay and trifling, she withstood the seduction, and lived for years in daily converse with her God. Long before the summons reached her, she had become familiar with the grave, and its terrors had all vanished from her sight. She could sing, with holy exultation,

"Descend, some shining servants from on high,
Build me a hasty tomb:
A grassy turf will raise my head,
The neighb'ring lilies dress my bed,
And shed a cheap perfume.
Here I put off the chains of death
My soul too long has worn;
Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,
Or tear to wet my urn;
Raphael, behold me all undress'd,
Here gently lay this flesh to rest;
Then mount and lead the path unknown,
Swift I pursue thee, flaming guide, on pinions of my own."

It is true that her severe devotion provoked from some around her cynical rebukes. How could it be otherwise? She condemned the gay by her gravity, the haughty by her meekness, and the self-indulgent by her cross-bearing manners. Her sobriety rebuked all levity, and her charity was a stumbling block to the selfishness of mankind. No wonder that, secretly admired by all, she was openly condemned by many who sought to justify their opposite manners. But E. was unmoved by the opinions of mortals; for she felt that the eye of God was upon her; and a sense of his watchful regards, scanning all her actions, and recording them for judgment, made her regardless of the praise and the censure of her poor fellow worms. She would often say with the Psalmist, "O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me; thou knowest my down sitting and up rising; thou understandest my thoughts afar off." She carried this solemn impression of the presence of God, and of his constant notice of all her aims and actions along with her from day to day, and it chastened her whole heart and behavior. Her business was, under such a sense of the coming issues of her life, to prepare for the grave, and for the judgment.

Do you suppose it was to her a *present* loss, that she

forewent the gay life to which she was drawn by every earthly motive and persuasion? O, no. I verily believe that the joys of pure and undefiled religion became in her so full and overflowing, that if she could have been equally sure of heaven with or without her self-denial and present communion with God, she would have traveled on in the path of devotion, spurning the attractions of the world, and the pleasures of sense.

They who condemned the severe self-denial of her life, could not find any fault with her death. She "knew"—so she expressed it—from the commencement of her sickness, "that her Redeemer lived." While wasting away by slow degrees, she seemed like one who has held in reserve all the delights of his existence for brief and concentrated enjoyment. Her sick chamber was a paradise—a scene of holy and undisturbed ecstasies. Day after day, and night after night, she had no heart to hear or utter any thing but what concerned her inward joys and triumphs. No earthly festivities or entertainments were ever so grateful to the lovers of pleasure as were the days of sickness to her. Not only was her seclusion, and weakness, and the sensible decline of all her powers, acceptable to her, but her very pains were pleasures, and were spontaneously used as topics of praise and thanksgiving.

The day, the moment of her death, was above all others triumphant. She had waited for it as the affianced bride waits for the nuptial hour. She hailed it as the moment of her espousals to him who had washed her from her sins in his own blood. She had long been making herself ready. She was decked with the garments of salvation. She had longed to hear her blessed Lord say to her, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." At last that moment arrived, and she heard the voice of her beloved. As her spirit was taking its flight, she glanced at her friends and exclaimed, "Is this death? O, how sweet!" and in the same instant her spirit soared to the bosom of God.

"O, how sweet!" What, death the king of terrors! Can religion accomplish this? Yes, it has for thousands. Then let me press it upon the reader's attention. You, like Eugenia, are mortal. Contemplate your own frame, frail as the summer flower. Your strength is as nothing—your life as a bruised reed. Ere the day closes disease may relax the sinews of your frame, weaken your intellect, and suddenly, or by slow degrees, you may sink into the grave.

Death is near. When waiting for the moment that shall still your beating heart, where will you look for comfort?

You have seen devotion triumph in the hour of death. You have seen it in Eugenia. You behold in her what religion can do for those who devote their lives to its duties and its pleasures. God grant that when you die, instead of the exclamation, "O, how sweet!" you may not be forced to cry in agony,

"O, death, thou king of terrors, and my foe.
I strive to flee thine angry face in vain!"

Original.

THE GREEK CLASSICS.—NO. IV.

BY GEO. WATERMAN, JR.

ARISTOMENES—TYRTÆUS—MIMNERMUS—ALCÆUS.

WHEN we commenced this series it was our intention to confine ourselves strictly to the classic writers of Greece. Their history, however, is frequently connected, and oftentimes interwoven with that of the statesmen and warriors of their times. For this reason, it may often be necessary to give a short sketch of the latter, in order to throw additional light upon the subject more directly before us. Sometimes, also, the characters thus interwoven may of themselves possess such intrinsic worth, as to merit a more extended notice than would otherwise be admissible. Such is the fact with reference to the one whose name stands at the head of our list. Our fair readers will therefore pardon us, if, on the present occasion, we preface our sketch of the classics with a short account of one of the noblest characters recorded on the Grecian page.

ARISTOMENES was a royal descendant of the Messenian kings. His country had been devastated and destroyed by the Spartan power. His countrymen, for forty years before his entrance upon the scenes of active life, had been oppressed by their victorious enemies. Every insult that could embitter a captured people, was heaped upon them. But the generous spirit of noble Greeks still burned within them. All they wanted was a leader; and that leader they found in him. With a few allies, he performed such wonders of bravery, that his delighted countrymen immediately offered him the sceptre and the diadem. With a spirit similar to our own immortal Washington, he declined the honor, seeking only his country's good. For many years he struggled with a courage and perseverance indomitable. On one occasion, he, and about fifty of his companions, were taken prisoners. By order of the chief magistrates of Sparta, they were condemned, as rebels, to be thrown into a deep cavern. Every one of his companions was killed by the fall. His own life was preserved, almost miraculously. No sooner had he effected his escape, than he gave notice of it to his country's enemies, by exploits the most daring and judicious. Eleven years he struggled against every difficulty which an oppressing power could throw in his way—surmounting obstacles which, to a mind less bold and fearless, would have appeared perfectly insurmountable. When at last he was compelled to abandon his favorite design of delivering his country, he spent the remainder of his life in the peaceful enjoyments of a truly great and noble mind. The hardships through which he had to pass, one would suppose, would have rendered his disposition severe, if not cruel. On the contrary, he was a pattern of all that the world calls magnanimous and good. As an example, we would cite the following: After the first Messenian war, the town of Rhegium, in Italy, was partly peopled by the Messenian exiles. At the close of the last contest, the Rhegians invited the fugitives to assist them against Zancle, a

hostile Grecian town on the opposite coast of Sicily; and in case of victory, the town was offered to them as a place of settlement. Zancle was besieged, and the Messenians having obtained possession of the walls, its inhabitants were at the mercy of the besiegers. According to the general custom of Grecian warfare, they would all have been put to the sword or reduced to bondage. Such was the wish of the Rhegian prince. But Aristomenes had taught his followers a nobler lesson. They refused to inflict on other Greeks what they had suffered from the Spartans. The two people met in convention, and formed a constitution, or league, according to the provisions of which, each was to live on equal terms in the city! Such was the character of one of the noblest heroes of Greece—a character in many respects worthy of all praise, and in very many respects similar to that of the “father of his country.”

TYRTÆUS.

This poet flourished about the year 690, B. C. During the conflicts between the Lacedæmonians (Spartans) and the Messenians, under Aristomenes, the former, on several occasions, were reduced to very straitened circumstances. On one of these occasions, they sent to Athens for assistance. The Athenians being somewhat jealous of the Spartans, and yet not wishing to refuse a compliance, sent to them the poet Tyrtæus. They thought in this way to prevent the success of the Spartans against the Messenians. They could not, however, have afforded the former a greater assistance. The Muse of Tyrtæus was a martial one. By his “Elegies,” of which species of poetry he was the inventor, he awakened and excited the military spirit of the Spartans to its highest pitch. And like the Welch bards in the time of Edward III., he kept alive the energies and courage of the people almost by enchantment. “Exhortations to bravery was the theme which this poet took for many elegies, and wrote on it with unceasing spirit, and even new invention. Never was the duty and honor of bravery impressed on the youth of a nation with so much beauty and force of language, by such natural and touching motives.” These elegies were most highly valued by the Spartans. When going to war, every evening after the evening meal, and after the pæan to the gods had been sung, they assembled at the door of the tent of their commander, and chanted some one of the elegies of Tyrtæus. On these occasions the whole company did not join in the chant, but “individuals vied with each other in repeating the verses in a manner worthy of their subject. The successful competitor then received from the Polemarch, or commander, a larger portion of meat than the others; a distinction suitable to the simple taste of the Spartans.” These elegies, however, were never sung on the march, or in the battle itself. For such occasions Tyrtæus composed a strain of a different kind, which was called the anapæstic march. Only fragments of his compositions remain.

MIMNERMUS.

This poet was a native of Colophon in Ionia, and contemporary, at least during part of his life, with

Solon, the great Athenian lawgiver. He probably flourished about the year 630, B. C. He also wrote elegies. But he changed the character of the elegiac verse from the warlike spirit breathed into it by its inventor, and appropriated it to subjects of a melancholy nature. To this class of subjects it has ever since been confined. Of the history of Mimnermus we know but little. Almost all his writings have perished. The fragments which remain are of a pensive cast, and indicate a mind constantly tending to melancholy. They are chiefly composed of complaints concerning the briefness of human enjoyment—the shortness of the season of youth, and the miseries to which man is exposed. These, and kindred subjects, constitute the principal theme of his Muse.

ALCÆUS.

The beautiful island of Lesbos, in the Ægean Sea, will ever be remembered as the residence of two of the most celebrated poets of Greece—ALCÆUS and SAPPHO. During a struggle for civil liberty in Mitylene, his native city, Alcæus united with the celebrated Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, and by their united aid succeeded in banishing the tyrant who had usurped the government of the island. In a subsequent contest between the Mitylenians and the Athenians, the former committed the command of their forces to Pittacus. In order to spare the lives of his countrymen, he challenged some one of the enemy to single combat, and thus decide the point at issue. In this conflict Pittacus was victorious. Out of gratitude for this act of courage and bravery, the inhabitants invested him with the supreme command of their city. This power he exercised with great moderation, and was exceedingly beloved by all his subjects. It was a maxim with him, that “the proof of a good government was to engage the subjects not to be afraid of their prince, but to be afraid for him.” During an administration of ten years, he gave them many excellent laws, among which was one to prevent drunkenness, by which offenders of this class were subjected to double punishment for every crime committed in a state of inebriation. At the expiration of that period, finding every thing in peace, he voluntarily retired from public life, leaving the government in the hands of the people who had elevated him to its highest offices and honors.

It will be remembered that Alcæus had united with Pittacus in banishing the usurper who had obtained the government. When the latter was invested by the people with the government, Alcæus quarreled with him, as having proved recreant to the cause of liberty and his country. He brought all the power of his Muse against his former friend, and with such force, that himself and his adherents were finally banished by Pittacus from the island. Subsequently, he attempted to return by force of arms. In this he was unsuccessful, and eventually fell into the hands of his adversary. The magnanimity of Pittacus on this occasion will ever be remembered. Forgetting all the wrongs of Alcæus, he generously granted him both his life and freedom, and also a restoration to his favor.

In his odes, Alcæus treated of various subjects. Sometimes he inveighed against tyrants; at other times he lamented the misfortunes and calamities of his own life. The praises of Bacchus, and the goddess of love, also called forth frequently the powers of his genius. “His productions breathed the same spirit with his life. A strong, manly enthusiasm for freedom and justice, pervaded even those in which he sang the pleasures of love and wine. But the sublimity of his nature shone brightest when he praised valor, chastised tyrants, described the blessings of liberty, and the misery and hardships of exile. His lyric muse was versed in all the forms and subjects of poetry, and antiquity attributes to him hymns, odes, and songs. A few fragments only are left of all of them, and a distant echo of his poetry reaches us in some of the odes of Horace.”

Of the further particulars of his life, we know but little. The exact time of his birth or death is not known. He probably flourished, however, about the year 600, B. C. His poetry was always held in the highest estimation by his countrymen, and deservedly so. Of his friend and contemporary, Sappho, we shall give some account in our next; as her political history, as well as poetical, was to a considerable extent interwoven with that of Alcæus.

Original.

HANNAH IN HEAVEN.

I SEE thy form at e'en, love;

O comest thou to me—

Array'd in silver sheen, love—

In heav'n's own drapery?

Thou'rt on the golden cloud, love—

On heaven's æriel bow;

Those fleecy forms thy shroud love—

The angels whisper so.

O! now I hear thy song, love—

The joyous anthems swell,

From out the heavenly throng love—

I know thy voice full well.

Thou hast a golden harp, love—

I hear its tuneful strings;

O bearest thou thy part, love,

Before the “King of kings?”

List! now a chant from glory—

Hush! rapid wings go by:

O hear the wondrous story—

“The Lamb for me did die.”

L. L.

PRAISE THE LORD.

JEHOVAH reigns, let heav'n rejoice,

Let earth her anthems bring;

To him, in one continued voice,

Let all the nations sing.

Original.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN BRAZIL.

BY D. P. KIDDER.

Royal road—Ascent of the Serra—Romantic description by a Jesuit—Aspect of the upper country—Entertainment—A Rancho—Hospitality—Musical fowls—Country Women—A Troop—Lodgings at S. Paulo—Early History of the Province—Terrestrial Paradise—Reverses of the Jesuits—Enslavement of Indians—Historical data—Declaration of Independence.

THE road leading up the serra do Cubatam, is one of the most expensive and best wrought in Brazil. Yet owing to the steepness of the ascent, it is utterly impassable to carriages. It embraces about four miles of solid pavement, and upwards of one hundred and eighty angles in its zig-zag course. The accomplishment of this great work of internal improvement was esteemed worthy of commemoration as a distinguished event in the colonial history of Portugal. This appears from a discovery made on my return. Halting on the peak of the serra, after having enjoyed for a little time the splendid panorama of sea and land upon which I was then gazing, in all probability for the last time, I devoted a few moments to the mineralogy of that sublime locality. At a few rods distance from the road, my attention was drawn to four wrought stones, apparently imported. They corresponded in size and form to the mile-stones of the United States, and were all fallen upon the ground. One lay with its face downward, so imbedded in the earth as to be, to me at least, immovable. From the others, having removed with the point of my hammer the moss and rubbish by which the tracery of the letters was obscured, I decyphered as follows.

MARIA I. REGINA,
NESTE ANNO, 1790.

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR SVBDIT ORVM.

FES SE ESTE CAMINHO NO FELIS GOVERNO
DO ILL^o E EX^o BERNARDO JOSE DE LORENO
GENERAL DESTA CAPITANIA.

A solid pavement up this mountain pass was rendered essential from the liability of the road to injury by the continual tread of animals, and also from torrents of water which are frequently precipitated down and across it, in heavy rains. Notwithstanding the original excellence of the work, maintained as it had been by frequent repairs, we were obliged to encounter some gullies and slides of earth, which would have been thought of fearful magnitude had they not been rendered insignificant in comparison with the heights above, and the deep ravines which ever and anon yawned beneath a precipitous embankment. At these points, a few false steps of the passing animal would have plunged both him and his rider beyond the hope of rescue. Our ascent was rendered more exciting by meeting successive troops of mules. There would first be heard the harsh voice of the tropeiros urging along their beasts, and sounding so directly above, as to seem issuing from the very clouds; presently the clattering of hoofs would

be distinguished, and at length would be seen the animals *erectis auribus*, as they came borne almost irresistibly downward by their heavy burdens. It was necessary to find some halting place while the several divisions of the troop passed by, and soon their resounding tread, and the echo of voices, would be lost in the thickets beneath.

Through openings in the foliage, we had repeated opportunities of viewing the country below, skirted by the ocean, until about midway of the mountain, when our view was shut in by a dense fog. For the loss suffered through this circumstance, I will endeavor to compensate the reader by introducing a description, written by the Jesuit Vasconcellos, who had performed the ascent about two hundred years before.

"The greater part of the way you have not to travel, but to get on with hands and feet, and by the roots of trees; and this among such crags and precipices, that I confess my flesh trembled when I looked down. The depth of the vallies is tremendous, and the number of mountains one above another, seems to leave no hope of reaching the end. When you fancy you are at the summit of one, you find yourself at the bottom of another of no less magnitude. True it is, that the labor of ascent is recompensed from time to time; for when I seated myself upon one of those rocks and cast my eyes below, it seemed as though I were looking down from the heaven of the moon, and that the whole globe of earth lay beneath my feet. * * * A sight of rare beauty for the diversity of prospect of sea and land, plains, forests, and mountain tracks, all various and beyond measure delightful. This ascent, broken with shelves of level, continues till you reach the plains of Piratininga, in the second region of the air, where it is so thin that it seems as if those who newly arrive could never breathe their fill."

The last sentence is as erroneous as the preceding are graphic and beautiful. I should not, however, deem it necessary to correct the statement, had not Southey, upon its authority, represented this ascent to continue eight leagues to the very site of S. Paulo, which is upon the plains of Piratininga. The truth is, that from the summit of the serra, before stated to be 2250 feet above the sea, the distance to S. Paulo is about 30 miles, over a country diversified with undulations, of which the prevailing declination, as shown by the course of streams, is inland. Nevertheless, so slight is the variation from a general level, that the highest point within the city of S. Paulo, is estimated to be in precisely the same altitude with the summit mentioned. What inconvenience would be experienced from rarefaction of the atmosphere at such an elevation may be easily determined! It is certain our greatest annoyance was from a very different cause, to wit, a heavy rain, which had set in about the time we emerged into the serra acima, as the uplands are denominated. The soil here is occasionally sandy, and frequently mingled with ferruginous sandstone, partially decomposed. At other points a reddish marl predominates. The general appearance of the country resembles the oak openings of our own

west, being interspersed with prairies; although the character of the vegetation is entirely different, and is also much varied from that of the region below. One decided peculiarity of the uplands of S. Paulo consists in their prairies being dotted with ant-hills, of such size and form as to remind one of the picture of a Hottentot village. The earth composing the outer shell of these insect habitations, becomes so perfectly indurated between rain and sun, as to retain the erect and oval form originally given it, for scores of years.

My horse had been recommended to me as accustomed to the journey, and capable of performing it in good time; in case I should let him choose his own gait, while climbing the mountain. I not only did this, but relieved him by walking a part of the distance, and as a consequence, was left considerably behind my company. When, however, necessity required expedition, I found Rosinante fully able to redeem his character, and the first to bring up before a place of shelter. This was the second house we saw, and several miles on the road after reaching the summit. It stood adjoining a large shed, occupied at the moment by some vagrant swine, but barred against access from the road. As the rain descended in torrents, I rode up and asked permission to enter. All was silent for a time: at length a voice was heard within, but no one appeared. Making a virtue of necessity, I soon let down the bars and gave my horse a drier footing. On entering the house, which proved to be a dirty, smoking tenement, in addition to pigs, fowls, cats and dogs, which I did not number, I found a colored man and woman, whose only business, so far as I could learn, was to wait on travelers. After some ceremony, designed to prepare the way for what they imagined an exorbitant charge, they produced corn for my horse; and as the remainder of our company came up, they were accommodated in like manner. Some of them, moreover, turned their attention to fried eggs, as the only luxury for the human palate which they could procure.

The rain ceasing, we proceeded as far as Rio Pequeno, Little River, and made a halt at a Rancho upon its banks. This term is of frequent recurrence in descriptions of travel in Spanish and Portuguese America, and it becomes necessary here to explain what it signifies in Brazil. The ordinary Rancho is a simple shed, or rather a thatched roof, set upon posts entirely open below. It is built expressly for the accommodation of travelers, and its size corresponds to the public spirit of the neighborhood. Sometimes they are from 60 to 100 feet long, and proportionally wide. Occasionally one may be found inclosed. Those who first come are entitled to their choice of position. They unlade their mules, and pile up their saddles and cargo, frequently constructing a hollow square, within which they sleep, either upon skins extended on the ground, or in hammocks. Their beasts are turned out to graze for the night; and as each troop ordinarily carries such culinary apparatus as its company requires, they have abundant leisure for preparing food while their animals are resting.

Frequently, for the sake of securing better pasture, the tropeiros encamp in the open air. They then pile up their panniers of sugar, coffee, or other cargo, in a right line, cover them with hides, and dig a trench around them in order to prevent injury from any sudden shower.

The fact that a great majority of all who travel in the interior of Brazil, prefer arrangements of this kind, goes far to account for the scarcity of better accommodations. Around the Rancho at Rio Pequeno, the mud was excessively deep. In fact, several feet of the soil had by degrees become worn away, so that the ground under the roof appeared like a large, elevated platform. Here most of our company disposed themselves to spend the night; but as there was neither inclosure nor grain for our horses, Mr. F. and myself determined to push on farther. Riding another league, we came to a stream denominated Rio Grande, and called at an establishment respecting whose owner I had some information, as doing a great business in hiring out mules, to those who travel between Santos and S. Paulo. His house occupied about the half way, and those who patronized him might depend upon there finding lodging or food. By refusing these to all others, he was endeavoring to establish a monopoly. This consequential Senhor was absent when we arrived. Thinking we could present considerations that would secure us a shelter, we waited for his return, and then made a formal application for lodgings. He was a large, savage looking man, with a huge black beard. His very appearance was sufficient to convince us of our mistake. He treated us with civil words, but under a variety of excuses, persisted in refusing us the least accommodation. It was nearly dark, and very foggy, when we were obliged to resume our route, without any certainty of meeting with a better reception farther along. I was inclined to push forward to a Freguezia some miles ahead, where I had been told was an inn. But as it soon became extremely dark, my companion determined to apply at every dwelling until he should find some stopping-place. After repeated refusals, he at length received an affirmative answer, and we reined up to a small domicil, which appeared full of its own inmates. A woman about forty years old seemed to be principal of the domestic arrangements. She promised an excellent pasture for our horses, and sent to a neighbor by the light of a fire-brand to procure them corn. Her kindness did not stop short of offering us the very beds of the family, and she had no others, on which we might rest. A variety of considerations induced us to decline this, and other equally obliging offers. On especial application, permission was granted us to occupy a small shed adjoining the house, and opening towards the road. A mat was provided to spread between us and the ground, upon which, with portmanteaux at the head, and saddles at the feet, we became in due time extended. A wax taper had been stuck upon the side of the wall, to illuminate a portion of our darkness for a short time. After its expiration we had a protracted season for meditation; for between the noise of the

people in the house, and of a pack of puppies, which we in the morning ascertained to have been fellow occupants of the same apartment with us, sleep sparingly visited our eyelids. Daylight at length appeared, and with it not a little alarm lest our horses were gone; for on looking at a pasture where they had been turned through a pair of bars, we neither saw them nor any hedge, (*cerca*,) respecting which we had been assured there was an excellent one. Our apprehensions were at length quieted by finding the horses—learning, at the same time, that the word meaning hedge, was also used to signify a ditch!

This place was called Ponta Alta; for in Brazil there is scarcely any house or farm so insignificant as not to be dignified with some fine sounding name. It was here that I first heard the song of the Paulista cocks, which is rendered peculiar by an almost indefinite prolongation of the last note. This species of chanticleer seems, moreover, to have an unusual propensity for making music; since from that morning forward, whenever near the habitation of man or fowl, my ears were filled with that ceaseless crow-oo-oo-oo-ing, which, even while resident in the city of S. Paulo, poured from all directions in at my windows.

Making an early sortie, we arrived at the parish of S. Bernardo to breakfast. Having been previously informed that the principal house was an inn, we proceeded to it with that understanding, and were not a little surprised on taking our leave, to find that we had been made welcome in the spirit of genuine, unostentatious hospitality. Such kindness from entire strangers, at a moment so unlooked for, was appreciated as an admirable contrast to the repulse we had experienced the night previous. My acquaintance, thus commenced with the venerable proprietor of this establishment, was in its continuance not less interesting or agreeable; while it showed in a still clearer light the providence of God, by which, during this tour, I was more than once directed to individuals, who at the same time had the power and the disposition in a greater degree than almost any others, to advance the objects of my mission. Senhor B. furnished me with mules, and a chosen guide for my subsequent travels in the province of S. Paulo, and I had the happiness to supply him with the holy Scriptures in his native tongue, and with religious tracts for his extensive circle of friends and acquaintances.

The remainder of our route led over a pleasant rolling country, but thinly inhabited. The road, although simply a beaten track, not designed for carriages of any description, has been found to need frequent repairs, from the throng of laden mules that are constantly passing over it. I noticed several companies of workmen engaged in these repairs, under direction of the government. A party of Germans, just arrived, were thus employed. The rest were chiefly mulattoes and Indians. It would be expected, in the absence of carriages, that unless females were absolute "keepers at home," they would become expert in riding. We accordingly had repeated opportunities of witnessing their

dexterity in managing the rein and stirrup. We could not persuade ourselves, however, to admire their style of riding, although in the destitution of side saddles, it would have been difficult to suggest a better. Men's hats seemed to be in fashion with them, both in riding and walking.

The troops, or caravans, so often met on this route, form an interesting sight. They are composed of from one to three hundred mules each, attended by a sufficient number of persons to manage and protect them. The animals are generally accoutred with simply a pack-saddle, bearing upon each side well balanced panniers, containing bags of sugar or other cargo. One, however, is trained to take the lead. This animal, selected on account of experience in the roads and other good qualities, is often adorned by a head-stall fantastically wrought with sea-shell and galloon, and crowned with plumes of peacocks' feathers. The same animal wears a bell, and yields the foremost place to no other. The conductor of each troop is well mounted, and wearing a lasso at the skirt of his saddle, is ready to pick up a stray animal at any moment.

Passing through the plains of Ypiranga, we soon came in sight of S. Paulo, and presently were winding up a narrow street into that ancient city. Proceeding to the only house where public entertainment could be expected, I was soon arranged in comfortable lodgings. This house was kept by one Charles, a Frenchman, married to a Portuguese wife, and for many years a resident of the place. I found that almost every preceding traveler, from whatever nation, had been entertained by him. The experience of Mons. Charles had led him to an unusual degree of caution respecting his guests. His rule was, to admit none without a letter of introduction. A gentleman, acquainted with this regulation, had favored me with the necessary note. The naturalists of our company were unprovided for such formalities; and besides, were subject to a peculiar jealousy, which our host had conceived against his own countrymen, and which he indicated by reiterating, "*Les Français m'ont toujours trompé.*" Hence they were obliged to spend the night in a miserable *casa de pasto*, (eating-house,) where the rain came in *à verse*, and where all sorts of dirt abounded, but which at the time was the only place they could secure for love, honor, or money. Through our intercessions, and the better information of Mons. Charles respecting our friends, they were admitted the next day, and, with us, comfortably accommodated. Mons. G. was in raptures on learning that Auguste St. Hilaire was numbered among our predecessors in the occupancy of these lodgings.

The history of S. Paulo takes us back to an early period in the settlement of the new world by Europeans. It has already been remarked, that in 1531, Martin Afonso de Souza founded S. Vicente, the first town in the captaincy, which for a long time bore the same appellation. There had previously been shipwrecked on the coast an individual by the name of John Ramalho, who had acquired the language of the native tribes, and

secured influence among them by marrying a daughter of one of their principal caciques. Through his interposition peace was secured with the savages, and the interests of the colony were fostered. By degrees the settlement extended itself inland, and in 1553 some of the Jesuits who accompanied Thomé de Souza, the first captain general, found their way to the region styled the plains of Piritinga, and selected the slight eminence on which the city now stands, as the site of a village in which they proceeded to gather together, and to instruct the Indians.

Having erected a small mud cottage on the spot where their college was subsequently built, they proceeded to consecrate it by a mass, recited on the 25th of January, 1554. That being the day on which the conversion of St. Paul is celebrated by the Roman Church, gave the name of the apostle to the town, and subsequently to the province. St. Paul is still considered the patron saint of both. A confidential letter, written by one of these Jesuits to his brethren in Portugal, in addition to many interesting particulars on other subjects, contains the following passage, which may serve to show how the country appeared to those who saw it nearly three hundred years ago. This letter exists in a manuscript book, taken from the Jesuits at the time of their expulsion from Brazil, and still preserved in the National Library at Rio de Janeiro. Its date is 1560. No part of it is known to have been hitherto translated into English.

"For Christ's sake, dearest brethren, I beseech you to get rid of the bad idea you have hitherto entertained of Brazil; because, to speak the truth, if there were a paradise on earth, I would say it now existed here. And if I think so, I am unable to conceive who will not. Respecting spiritual matters and the service of God, they are prospering, as I have before told you; and as to temporal affairs, there is nothing to be desired. Melancholy cannot be found here, unless you dig deeper for it than were the foundations of the palace of S. Roque. There is not a more healthful place in the world, nor a more pleasant country, abounding as it does in all kinds of fruit and food, so as to leave me no desire for those of Europe. If in Portugal you have fowls, so do we in abundance, and very cheap; if you have mutton, we here have wild animals, whose flesh is decidedly superior; if you have wine there, I aver that I find myself better off with such water as we have here, than with the wines of Portugal. Do you have bread, so do I *sometimes*, and always what is better, since there is no doubt but that the flour of this country (mandioca) is more healthy than your bread. As to fruits, we have a great variety; and having these, I say let any one eat those of the old country who likes them. What is more, in addition to yielding all the year, vegetable productions are so easily cultivated, (it being hardly necessary to plant them,) that nobody can be so poor as to be in want. As to recreations, yours are in no way to be compared with what we have here.

"Now I am desirous that some of you should come out and put these matters to the test; since I do not

hesitate to give my opinion, that if any one wishes to live in a terrestrial paradise, he should not stop short of Brazil. Let him that doubts my word, come and see. Some will say, what sort of a life can that man lead who sleeps in a hammock swung up in the air? Let me tell them, they have no idea what a fine arrangement this is. I had a bed with mattresses, but my physician advising me to sleep in a hammock, I found the latter so much preferable, that I never have been able to take the least satisfaction, or rest a single night upon a bed since. Others may have their opinions; but these are mine, founded upon experience."

The Jesuits unhappily did not find this paradise to be perennial. Their benevolence, and their philanthropic devotedness to the Indians, brought down upon them the hatred of their countrymen, the Portuguese, and of the Mamalucos, as the half-breeds were denominated. These two classes commenced at an early day the enslavement of the aborigines, and they continued it through successive generations with a ferocious and blood-thirsty perseverance that has seldom found parallel. As the Jesuits steadfastly opposed their cruelties, the Portuguese resorted to every means of annoyance against them. They ridiculed the savages for any compliance with the religious formalities in which they were so diligently instructed; encouraging them to continue in their heathen vices, and even in the abominations of cannibalism. Nevertheless, these missionaries did not labor without considerable success. The government was on their side, but was unable to protect them from the persecutions of their brethren; who, although calling themselves Christians, were as insensible to the fear of God as they were regardless of the rights of men. From the pursuit of their imagined interest, nothing could deter them but positive force. As the Indians were driven back into the wilds of the interior, through fear of the slave-hunters, the Jesuits sought them out and carried to them the opportunities of Christian worship and instruction. It was thus that a commencement was made to the celebrated Reductions of Paraguay, which occupy so wide a space in the early history of South America. Sometimes the Paulistas would disguise themselves in the garb of the Jesuits, in order to decoy the natives whom they wished to capture. At other times they assaulted the Reductions, or villages of neophytes, boasting that the priests were very serviceable in thus gathering together their prey. On one occasion, a refusal on the part of the Jesuits to give up a chief who had made his escape from captivity, was made the pretext of an attack upon a large settlement. In anticipation of the result, Mola, the presiding ecclesiastic, "set about what in his opinion was the most urgent business of preparation, and baptized all whom he thought in a state for baptism upon such an emergency. * * * A work in which he continued for seven hours, till he had no longer strength to raise his arm, and then it was lifted for him. The attack was made, the place was sacked; they who attempted to resist were butchered, even at the foot of the altar, and above five-and-twenty hundred Indians

were driven away as slaves. The remonstrances and supplications and tears of the Jesuit were of no avail; and when he warned these ruffians of the Divine vengeance, they replied, that as for that matter, they had been baptized, and therefore were sure of going to heaven. Three other Reductions were in like manner destroyed. In vain did the Jesuits put on the dress of the altar, and go out with the crucifix to meet the attack; the Paulistas carried away all on whom they could lay hands, and driving them with a barbarity that is peculiar to the hateful traffick of human flesh, the greater part perished upon the way, exhausted with fatigue, and misery, and inanition. When stripes could no longer force them forward, they were left to expire, or to be devoured by beasts and vultures. * *

* * Nor was child suffered to remain with parent, or parent with child, in this dreadful extremity. * *

* * The merciless scourge drove the survivor on."

Voluntary expeditions of these slave-hunters, styled *bandeiras*, spent months, and sometimes years, in the most cruel and desolating wars against the native tribes. Instigated by the lust of human plunder, some penetrated into what is now the interior of Bolivia on the west; while others reached the very Amazon on the north. As the Indians became thinned off by these remorseless aggressions, another enterprise presented itself as a stimulant to their avarice. It was that of hunting for gold. Success in the latter enterprise created new motives for the prosecution of the former. Slaves must be had to work the mines. Thus the extermination of the native tribes of Brazil progressed for scores of years with a fearful rapidity. One result of these expeditions was an enlargement of the territories of Portugal, and an extension of settlements. By the growth of these settlements, four large provinces were populated. They have since been set off from that of S. Paulo in the following order: Minas Geraes in 1720; Rio Grande do Sul in 1738; Goyaz and Matto Grosso in 1748.

During the period when Portugal and her colonies were under the dominion of Spain, a considerable number of Spanish families became inhabitants of the captaincy of S. Paulo; and when in 1640 that dominion came to an end, a numerous party disposed itself to resist the government of Portugal. They proceeded to proclaim one Amador Bueno, king; but this individual had the sagacity and patriotism peremptorily to decline the dignity his friends were anxious to confer upon him. The Paulistas have been subsequently second to none, in their loyalty to the legitimate government of the country.

By a carta regia of July 24, 1711, the villa of S. Paulo was constituted a city, and its name conferred upon the former captaincy of S. Vicente. In 1746, Pope Benedict XIV. constituted the same a bishopric, suffragan to the prelate of Bahia.

About twenty years ago there occurred in the province of S. Paulo, at a short distance from the capital, an event invested with a political importance second to that of no other in the history of Brazil. It led to the

organization of the empire. The Prince Don Pedro having been left behind as the Regent of Brazil, when his father Don John VI returned to Portugal, had become an object of jealousy on the part of the Cortes of that kingdom. Lest he should usurp too high a degree of power while left alone in the new world, the Cortes proceeded to enact certain restrictions upon his conduct. They even ordered his return to Europe, under pretext that it was necessary for him to complete his education by traveling on the Continent. Some of the most influential Brazilians, among whom the Andrada family were distinguished, had already been preparing his mind for decisive action, and arranging public measures to sustain such steps as the emergency of the occasion might require. It happened that on the 7th of September, 1822, the Prince was on a journey from Rio to S. Paulo via Santos, when, having halted near the city, on the banks of a stream called Ypiranga, he was overtaken by despatches from Portugal, forwarded to him by the Princess, and confirming the insulting measures before referred to. In the indignation of the moment he exclaimed, "Independencia ou Morte!" "Independence or death," was immediately echoed by his attendants and friends, and thenceforward became the watch-word of the Brazilian patriots during their successful war of revolution.

—•••••

Original.

CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGE.

—
"Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright."

—
I REJOICE when the darkness is flying,
Like doubt from the heart when at prayer;
I rejoice when the zephyrs are sighing,
For the tone of devotion is there.
I rejoice in the break of the morning—
O it brings to me richest delight;
I rejoice as the new day is dawning,
As it cheerily bursts on my sight.

I rejoice as the sun is ascending,
And flinging its light o'er the world;
I rejoice as fresh odors are lending
Their sweets from new petals unfurl'd.
I rejoice as the day-god is tow'ring
Aloft in meridian blaze;
I rejoice though the storm cloud is low'ring,
And around it the fierce lightning plays.

I rejoice as the day is declining,
And bringing in night with her gloom;
I rejoice in the host of night shining—
But one STAR shall illumine my tomb.
I'll rejoice in the vale of affliction—
Give praise to my God while I've breath;
I'll exult in the hope of the Christian
To triumph at last over death. L. C. L.

Original.

"EARTH TO EARTH AND DUST TO DUST."

MUSIC BY REV. T. HARRISON.—WORDS BY DR. CROLY.

The musical score is written for four parts: two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and two piano accompaniment staves (Right and Left Hand). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are as follows:

2 Here the vas-sal and the king, Side by side, lie with-er-ing:

1 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust:" Here the e-vil and the just—

Here the sword and scep-tre rust: "Earth to earth and dust to dust."

Here the matron and the maid, In one si-lent bed are laid.

3 Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng:
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.

4 Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more:
Death shall keep his solemn trust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

5 But a day is coming fast:
Earth! thy mightiest and thy last:
It shall come in strife and toil—
It shall come in blood and spoil—

6 It shall come in empires' groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones:
Then ambition rue thy lust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

7 Then shall come the judgment sign:
In the east the king shall shine:
Flashing from heaven's golden gate:
Thousand thousands round his state.

8 Heaven shall open on our sight:
Earth be turned to living light:
Kingdoms of the ransomed just.
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

9 Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than paradise:
Earth by angel feet be trod—
One great garden of her God.

10 Till are dried the martyrs' tears
Through a glorious thousand years:
Now in hope of Him we trust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

NOTICES.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE; by the Rev. Gilbert White, A. M. Harper & Brothers: New York. 1841.—The author of this work graduated at Oxford, in 1743. Consequently, he was but a few years the junior of the Wesleys, and must have been familiar with the reputation of the "godly club," as the Wesleys, and Hervey, and their associates were called. Being of an unambitious temper, Mr. White "fixed his residence in his native village, and spent his life in literary occupations, especially in the study of nature." In this sphere of life he produced a "Natural History" of his own parish—a very limited field, one would think, from which to glean the materials for a volume of Harpers' Library.

Yet this Natural History is full of interest and instruction. It gives details of parish history and incidents, especially such as relate to the soils, aspect, original productions, and instincts and habits of beasts, birds and insects; and from these, branches out to general inductions and remarks, which belong not to the parish, but to the world. We will offer two extracts. The first is in verse:

"THE NATURALIST'S SUMMER EVENING WALK.

"*Equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis Ingenium.*" VIRG., *Georg.*

"When day, declining, sheds a milder gleam,
What time the Mayfly haunts the pool or stream;
When the still owl skims round the grassy mead,
What time the timorous hare limps forth to feed.
Then be the time to steal adown the vale,
And listen to the vagrant cuckoo's tale;
To hear the clamorous curlew call his mate,
Or the soft quail his tender pain relate;
To see the swallow sweep the dark'ning plain,
Belated, to support her infant train;
To mark the swift in rapid, giddy ring,
Dash round the steeple, unsubdued of wing:
Amusive birds! say, where your hid retreat,
When the frost rages and the tempests beat?
Whence your return, by such nice instinct led,
When spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head?
Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride,
The God of nature is your secret guide!

"While deep'ning shades obscure the face of day,
To yonder bench, leaf-sheltered, let us stray,
Till blended objects fail the swimming sight,
And all the fading landscape sinks in night;
To hear the drowsy dorr come brushing by
With buzzing wing, or the shrill cricket cry;
To see the feeding bat glance through the wood,
To catch the distant falling of the flood;
While o'er the cliff the awaken'd churn-owl hung,
Through the still gloom protracts his chattering song;
While, high in air, and poised upon his wings,
Unseen, the soft, enamor'd woodlark sings:
These, Nature's works, the curious mind employ,
Inspire a soothing, melancholy joy:
As fancy warms, a pleasing kind of pain
Steals o'er the cheek, and thrills the creeping vein!

"Each rural sight, each sound, each smell combine;
The tinkling sheep-bell, or the breath of kine;
The new-mown hay, that scents the swelling breeze,
Or cottage-chimney smoking through the trees."

The second is in prose, and affords a better idea of the author's method.

"The summer of the year 1783 was an amazing and portentous one, and full of horrible phenomena; for, besides the alarming meteors and tremendous thunder-storms that affrighted and distressed the different counties of this kingdom, the peculiar haze or smoky fog that prevailed for many weeks in this island, and in every part of Europe, and even beyond its limits, was a most extraordinary appearance, unlike any thing known within the memory of man. By my journal I find that I had noticed this strange occurrence from June 23 to July 20 inclusive, during which period the wind varied to every quarter,

without making any alteration in the air. The sun at noon looked as blank as a clouded moon, and shed a rust-colored, ferruginous light on the ground and floors of rooms, but was particularly lurid and blood-colored at rising and setting. All the time the heat was so intense that butchers' meat could hardly be eaten the day after it was killed, and the flies swarmed so in the lanes and hedges that they rendered the horses half frantic, and riding irksome. The country people began to look with a superstitious awe at the red, lowering aspect of the sun; and, indeed, there was reason for the most enlightened person to be apprehensive, for all the while Calabria and part of the Isle of Sicily were torn and convulsed with earthquakes, and about that juncture a volcano sprung out of the sea on the coast of Norway. On this occasion Milton's noble simile of the sun, in his first book of *Paradise Lost*, frequently occurred to my mind; and it is indeed particularly applicable, because towards the end it alludes to a superstitious kind of dread, with which the minds of men are always impressed by such strange and unusual phenomena:

"As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs."

NARRATIVE OF AN EXPEDITION TO THE POLAR SEA. By Admiral Ferdinand Wrangell, of the Russian Imperial Navy. Harper & Brothers. New York. 1841.—Sketches of voyages and travels are interesting and useful, forming a substitute in some measure for actual travel and personal observation. This is a work of merit as a source of information to the reader. It relates to almost unknown regions. The reader's geographical knowledge will be much improved by its perusal.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD.—This excellent work, which has now for almost one-half of a century faithfully reported the enterprises of the Church and of its self-denying laborers, in the missionary fields of Europe, Asia, Africa and America, increases in interest as the work of God becomes more manifest and powerful among the heathen. The March number contains an account of the death of Mrs. Wolcott, wife of one of the missionaries at Beyroot. Mr. Wolcott gives the following account of her last hours:

"She expressed the deepest sense of personal unworthiness, renounced all self-dependence, and said that she never before had such an unspeakable sense of the awful evil of sin. She recognized these sentiments in her prayers, and frequently asked that she might be made a monument of grace, of free and sovereign grace. To be received into the lowest place in the heavenly kingdom, was all that she ventured to hope for. This hope, through the merits of her merciful Savior, she did entertain. She said that the character of Jesus had to her an appearance of ineffable loveliness—a beauty on which her soul dwelt with delight; that she felt a peculiar pleasure in reflecting that he was not like man, not vindictive in his feelings, but truly pitied and loved the guilty and the miserable, and wished to save and to bless them.

"The morning of October 26th she was evidently sinking, and she commended her soul to Christ. Of her prayers, which were many, and expressed, as it seemed to me, in very simple and appropriate language, I have recorded but this one. Perceiving the indications of her approaching end, she observed, 'This is death; I shall soon be in eternity.' Then turning her face gently upwards, she uttered, at such intervals as her extreme sufferings would permit, the following sentences, very deliberately and distinctly, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. I lay my soul at thy feet. Grant it some humble place before thee. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. I give thee this soul in all its pollution: I can make it no better. It is all that I can do. Conduct me through the valley of the shadow of death. May thy rod and thy staff comfort me. Pain, and distress, and anguish—but may I soon be with Jesus!'

"Although her voice failed and we thought her dying, she rallied a little, and to one of the brethren who came in an hour after and inquired her state, she replied, 'I feel this morning

when I am able to think at all, that Jesus Christ is the portion of my soul. There is none other for me.' These were the last expressions of her mind, while it was perfectly clear. It became necessary to administer strong opiates, and during the remaining four or five hours that she lingered, her mental exercises were of the same general character, but with evidence of a wandering occasioned by the medicine. Just before the final struggle, she uttered clearly the following remark, 'And now may the Lord give me grace to live for him; to say what I ought to say, and do what I ought to do.' These were her last words."

LADIES' CABINET MAGAZINE.—This is a union of three different periodicals, and will take a respectable rank with other monthlies of light, entertaining matter. J. Mansell, Albany.

THE LADIES' GARLAND.—This is an unpretending monthly, without embellishments, and is liable to as few objections in regard to its matter as almost any publication which is not strictly religious. It is in its ninth volume.

A DISCOURSE ON CHURCH EXTENSION: *delivered on Sunday evening, Dec. 11, 1841, being the Sunday next succeeding the day on which the corner-stone of the edifice of Grace Church was laid. By Rev. Chauncey Colton, D. D., Rector of the Church.*—This discourse is founded on Ezra iii, 10, 11. It dwells on the importance of "Church extension in great and rapidly populating cities." It presents in plain, but forcible language, the necessity of making adequate provision for the religious instruction and training of the various classes which compose a city population. It speaks thus of the indigent:

"The dispensation of the Gospel is especially to the poor: If we will not place in our own hands or the hands of others, the means of preaching the Gospel to the poor, with all its appliances of spiritual and temporal blessing, making its spirit and voice to sound out into all that world of suffering and want, in every suburb and every alley; and in the fulfillment of its divine mission, going out into 'the streets and lanes of the city,' and 'compelling them to come in,' and take a 'good place' with us in our places of Christian worship—if, in a word, we will not lay aside utterly, all limited and narrow views of the duty of Church extension, and in obedience to the calls of Providence, 'give of our ability unto the treasurers and masons and carpenters' of such good works—shall we not, with our eyes open, incur the guilt of shutting up the kingdom of heaven against the poor—and perhaps not even be suffered to go in ourselves! * * * * *

"I repeat it, brethren, the subject of Church extension has solemn claims of duty which cannot be set aside, till we have done, and till we do, year by year, all that lieth in us, to provide places of Christian worship, and the living and laboring ministry, for 'all sorts and conditions of men,' in every ward and suburb of our city. We cannot, without guilt, put aside these claims of Christ's poor, and leave them, under all the necessities of their condition, uncared for. We cannot leave their children to grow up exposed to all the positively vicious and demoralizing influences by which they are surrounded, and the Proteus forms of error to which they are exposed on every side, without neglecting the most obvious and solemn claims of duty to God and our neighbor. * * * * *

"This duty of Church extension for the poor of every great city, viewed with candor, and a disposition to know and do our duty, cannot fail to appear as plain as it is solemn and binding upon all calling themselves Christians, and living under the responsibilities of Christian citizenship in the midst of such a population. * * * * *

"We deal with the facts before you, of a spiritually destitute population, swelling in the new wards and suburbs, in a most rapid ratio of yearly increase. We do but urge the old and time-honored obligation of preaching the Gospel to every creature—a theory of Church extension or of missions, certainly as applicable to the destitute portions of a great city, as to the remotest and most isolated family or tribe of heathenism—a plain home theory, having indeed, little of the romance of distance to lend it enchantment or attraction; but nevertheless, much of the instant and pressing claim of home duty, of neighborhood charity. The time has come, not for speculating coldly upon it, but entering earnestly and vigorously upon the doing

of it. The claims of common citizenship back and enforce the claims of Christian obligation in this matter."

THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI ILLUSTRATED.—This is a new work, issued monthly from the St. Louis press. It is pictorial, or contains lithographic views of various prominent objects which it describes—such as cities, towns, and public buildings, with ancient works, and striking scenery. It expatiates over a vast field; and surely with editorial industry and talent, must be made a most interesting work.

PROCEEDINGS of the Physiological Temperance Society of the Medical Institute of Louisville.—This is a pamphlet of 16 pages, and states the origin and progress of a temperance association of the above name. A physiological temperance society, composed of medical professors, practitioners and students, is likely to be extensively useful, not only by the conservative virtue of the pledge upon its members, but by its influence abroad. The temperance reform owes much to a portion of the medical faculty. In this city, the friends of the cause will hold in grateful remembrance the services of Dr. Muzzy, and other professors of the Ohio Medical College. We rejoice that Louisville will be blessed with similar influences through its medical professors. The following is the form of a diploma, or certificate of membership of the Physiological Temperance Society of Louisville:

"CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP. *Physiological Temperance Society of the Medical Institute of Louisville. Organized December 23d, 1841.*—Be it known by all to whom these presents may come, greeting: That —, of the state of —, on the — day of —, 18—, was elected a member of the Physiological Temperance Society of the Medical Institute of Louisville, established to investigate the causes, consequences, and remedies of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks and other narcotic stimulants; and that every member is bound to refrain from intoxicating beverages for five years after subscribing this Constitution.

"In testimony whereof, the seal of said society is hereunto annexed, in the city of Louisville, and state of Kentucky, this — of —, 18—.

—, President.

—, Recording Secretary."



EDITOR'S TABLE.

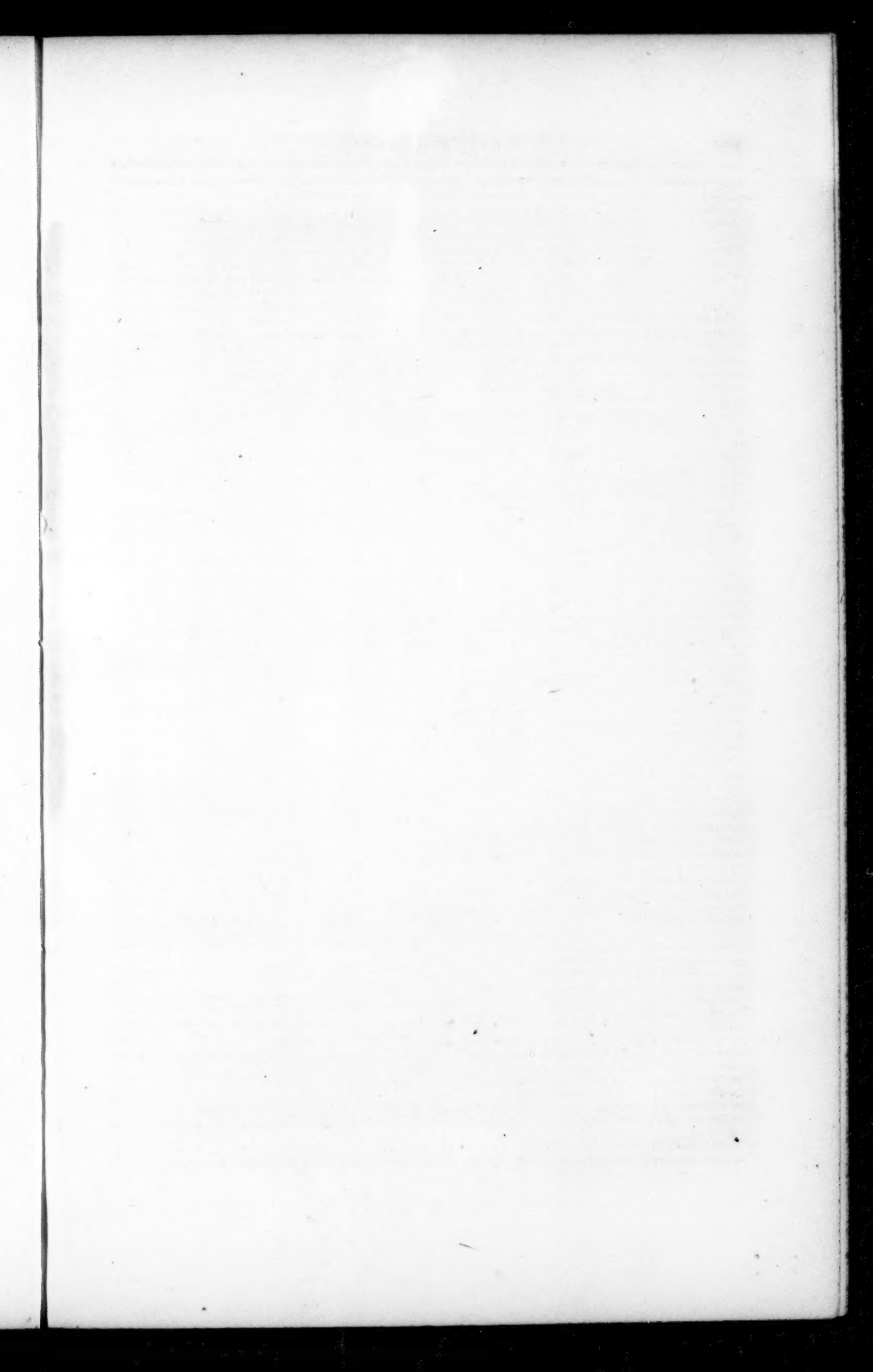
ELIZABETH FEMALE ACADEMY, Washington, Mississippi: *under the patronage of the Mississippi Annual Conference.*—This institution is under the supervisal of Mrs. Sybille R. Campbell, as principal Governess; whose qualifications are spoken of in terms of the highest commendation. The Rev. L. Campbell holds the offices of Treasurer and Steward.

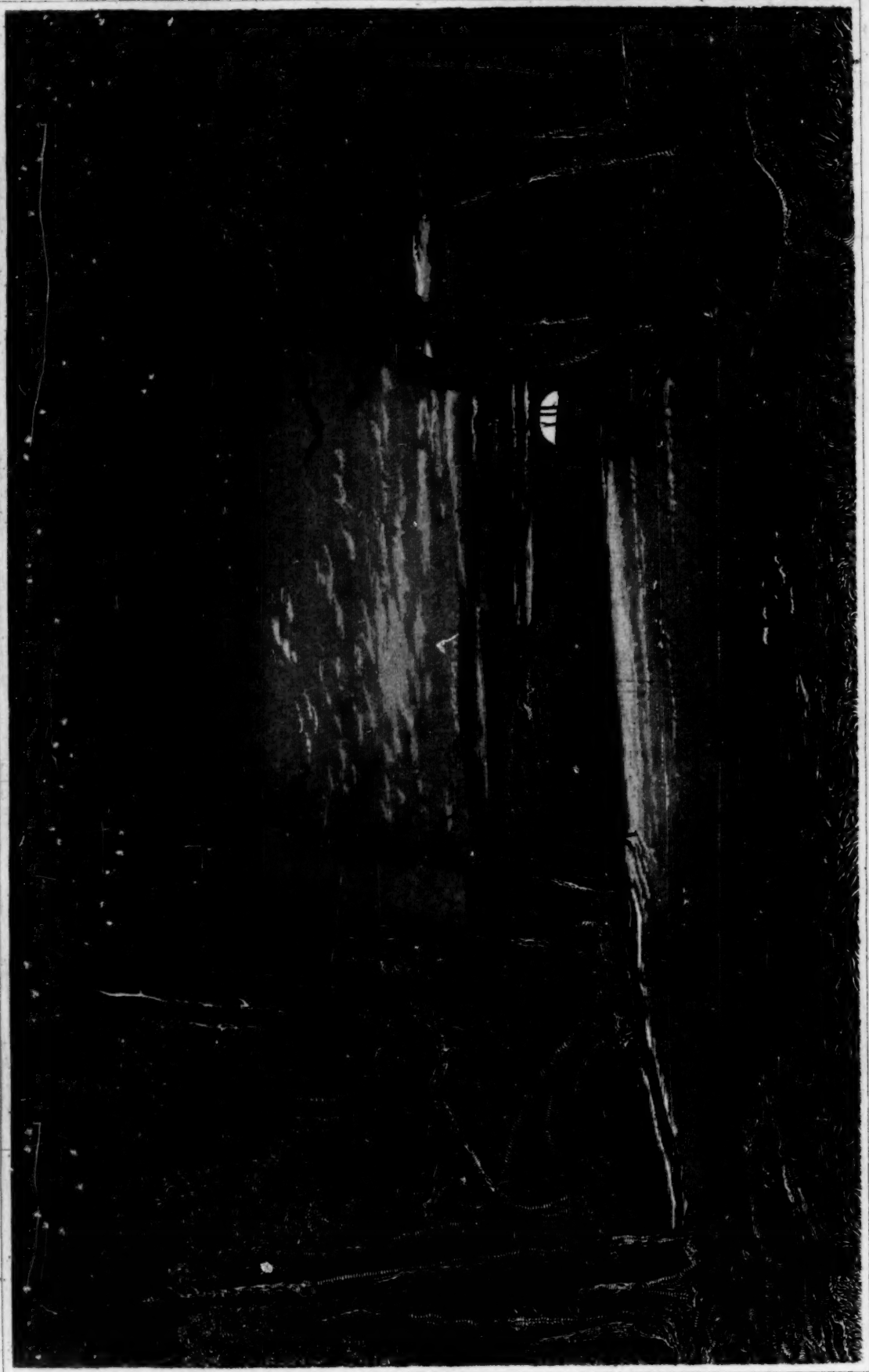
The Academic year is divided into two sessions of five months each. The first commencing on the first Monday in October, and closing on the first Friday in March. The second commences on the Monday next succeeding the first Friday in March, and terminates the first Friday in August.

From the first Friday in August to the first Monday in October is vacation. There will always be a few days of recess at Christmas.

A Visiting Committee, composed of three highly respectable matrons, has been appointed, whose privilege it is to visit the school as often as they may deem advisable; and inspect the sleeping rooms, dress, and general deportment of the pupils; and report to the principal Governess and Board of Trustees any impropriety or negligence which may come to their notice.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The poetry from M. B. H., and the articles on the "Resurrection of Christ," and "Fairford and its Church," will appear in June. The article on Novel Reading has merit, but is too long, and the theme has been treated at length already. We will consider further. The long poem on the deceased missionaries contains many good passages, and it may appear hereafter. Some other articles are under examination, and may yet be adopted. We hope to hear from E. T. and J. S. T. soon. E. H. H. has almost forgotten us.





Engr'd by W. Woodruff, Cincinnati, for the Ladies' Repository.

WINTER SCENE ON THE CATSKILLS.

Published by Wright & Starnes, Cincinnati, O.